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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLVIII No. 2066 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — AUGUST 26 1939

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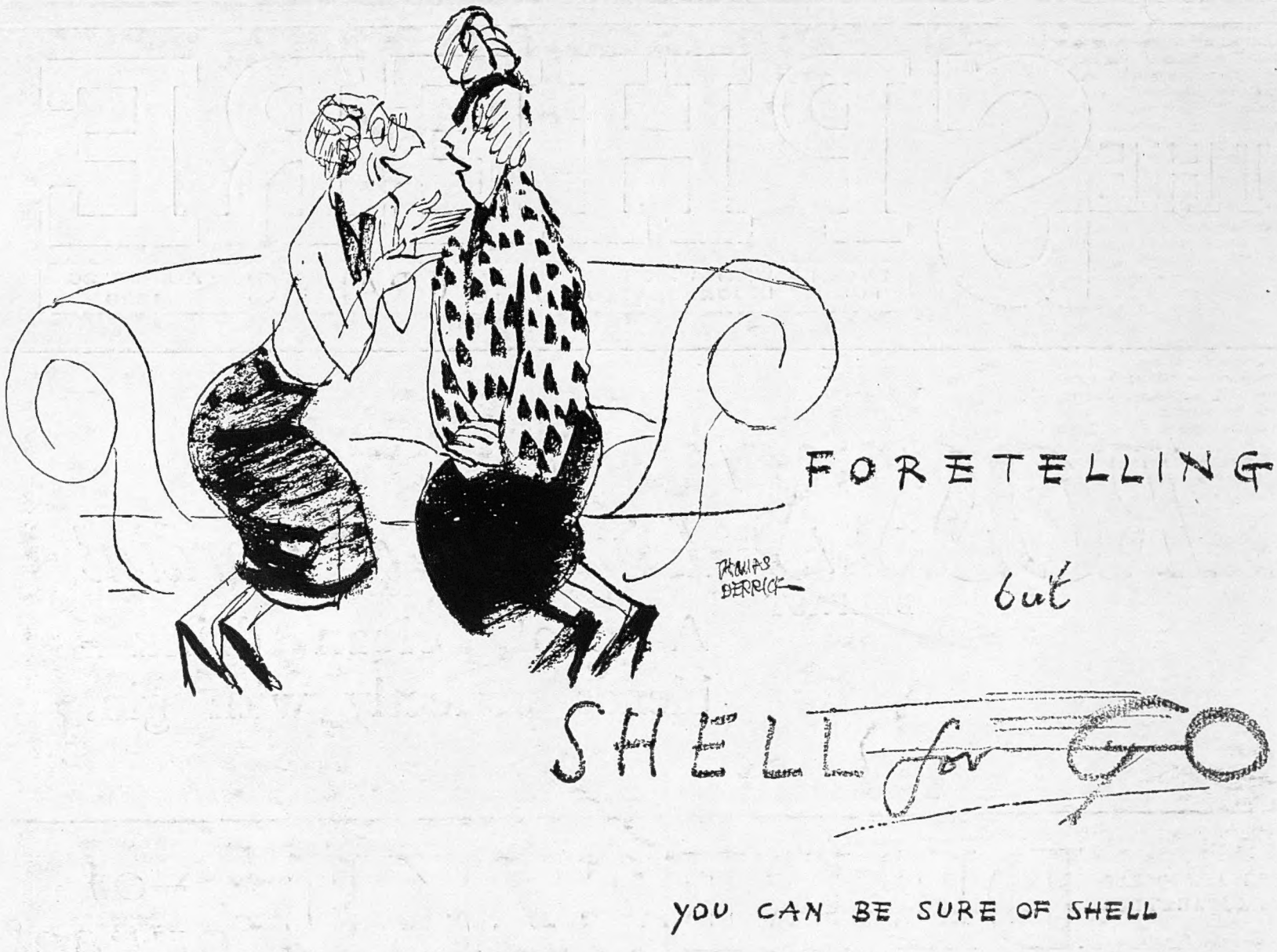

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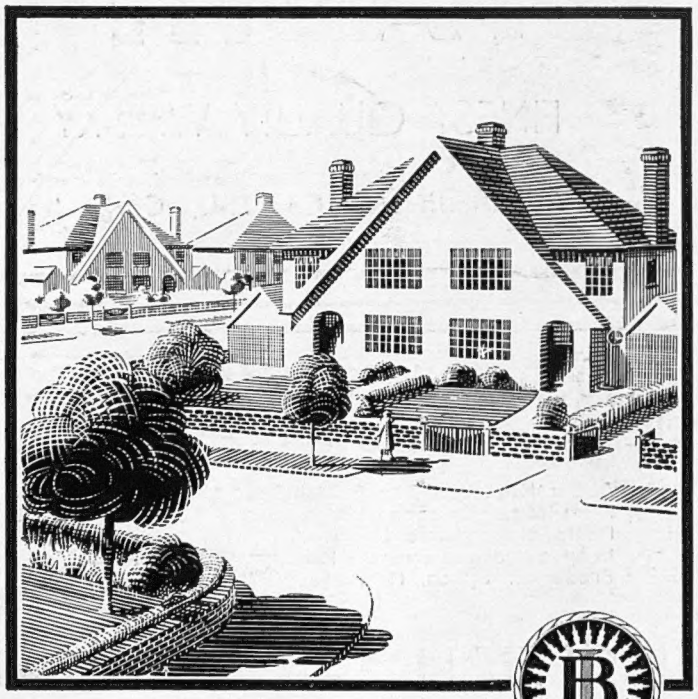

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 26, 1939

Special SPHERE *picture, August 22*

"THE GOVERNMENT IS PREPARED TO RESIST FORCE to the UTTERMOST"

The Cabinet's Reply to the Proposed Russo-German Non-Aggression Pact

After the announcement of the proposed Russo-German non-aggression pact on Tuesday morning the Cabinet met at Downing Street, and later issued a statement which voiced the Government's determination: "The Cabinet took note of the report that a non-aggression pact between the German and Soviet Governments was about to be concluded. They had no hesitation in deciding that such an event would in no way affect their obligations to Poland, which they have repeatedly stated in public and which they are determined to fulfil. . . . As the Prime Minister has repeatedly said, there are indeed no questions in Europe which should not be capable of peaceful solution if only conditions of confidence could be restored. His Majesty's Government are, as they always have been, ready to assist in creating such conditions, but if, in spite of all their efforts, others insist on the use of force, they are prepared and determined to resist it to the uttermost"

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

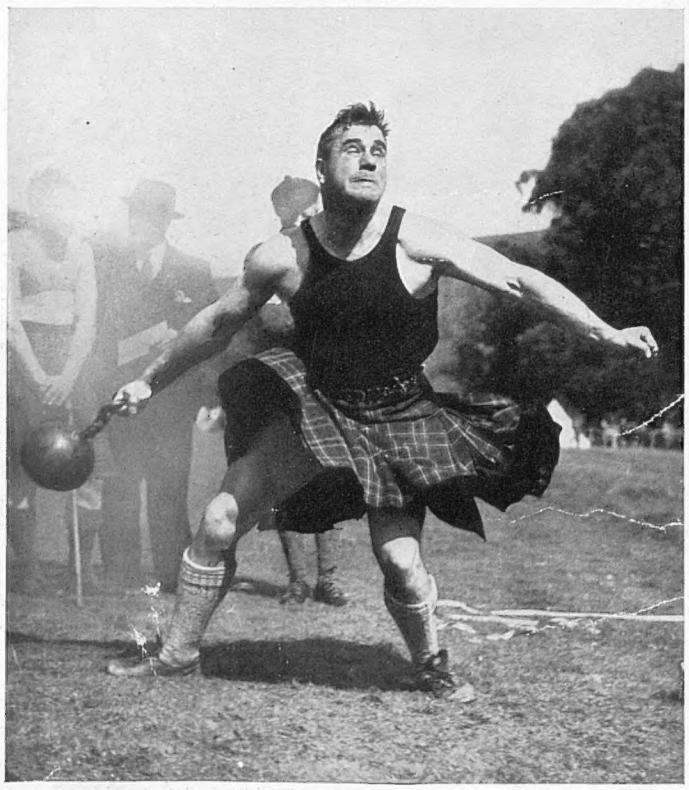
FRANCE DEMONSTRATES HER AERIAL STRENGTH OVER LONDON AND THE WEST OF ENGLAND: Following on the long-distance exercises of the R.A.F. into south-eastern France, the French Air Force also undertook some long-distance flights over this country. The great grey bombers were seen as far west as Bristol and when the several flights converged together over London, thousands of Londoners were able to obtain visual demonstration of France's strength in the air

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, August 23, 1939.

LORD BALDWIN IN AMERICA.

—Lord Baldwin is the man, New York the place, and August, 1939, the time, for a really clear and appreciated exposition of Democracy; what it means, what it stands for, and what its weaknesses as a form of government are. Lord Baldwin is a type of character which goes down well in the States. He is essentially democratic, a good mixer, a simple philosopher of a kind understood in America, a man with business instincts, simple tastes, wide experience, sound sense. And he has enough of sentimentality to win those not won by his other qualities. New York by now should understand, as few capitals can, the difficulties of Democratic government, and August, 1939, is the time when those difficulties are revealed at their most dangerous. When therefore Lord Baldwin said "I tried with many others to prepare the way for a new age. No student of history can doubt that a democracy is by far the most difficult form of government that ever existed," New York nodded approval. Liberty of thought and of speech, what crimes against peace have been committed in its name in the past year! In piping peace how perfect a theory of government is Democracy; in times of war or danger how desperately difficult and crippling. I daresay New York, which takes a much more serious view than does London of Fascist, and still more of Communist, activities in its midst, agreed less unanimously on Lord Baldwin's view that, in Britain at least, the dangers from Communism are dead and those from Fascism inconsiderable, but, by and large, I make no doubt New York swallowed his discourse and found it agreed with her digestion.



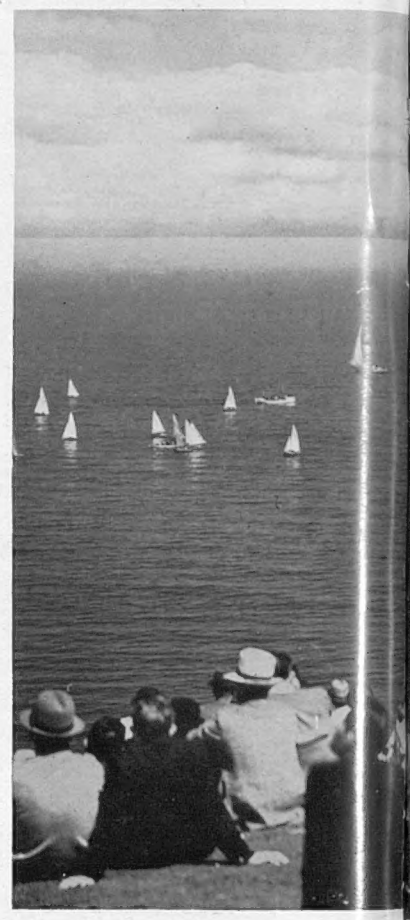
PREPARED TO FLING A BOLT INTO THE BLUE! The National Sports of Scotland are again in full swing. Here is seen George Clark about to put the weight during the Inveraray games, Argyllshire

ON THE CRATER'S EDGE.

—While we sit on the crater's edge, under the lovely sunshine which reminds men of what blessings life still holds for them, waiting for the roar of the guns or the return of sanity, it is clear that the wheel of reasoning has gone full circle and that sanity is returning to some of Mr. Chamberlain's critics. In the dreadful year since Munich, some of the fiercest opponents of the Munich policy have come to see that Mr. Chamberlain had in him the germs of the right idea. We have acted and reacted in thought. We have bounced from appeasement at any price to avoid the madness of war to a form of jingoism which clothed our terror of giving any impression to the Axis that we were once more weakening in our new found determination to be strong and to resist aggression. And now to-day the wobbling needle is steadying at a middle point: we must be resolute to resist aggression and ready at the first moment to put forward proposals for a new order of world settlement. No sooner is the conclusion reached than there comes another flourish of defiance from the Axis press. "No parleying. We take our rights when it suits us and by force if need be." Do these repeated waves of blind rage and defiance stultify our reconsidered compromise? I cannot see how they can. The minds of dictators are a closed book to us. It is their minds which will decide the issue. Even under totalitarian discipline, there is press licence of a very "democratic" kind. And (who knows) the more they rage, the more perhaps they doubt and hesitate and fear.

GOEBBELS—KING-HALL.

—The great full-page advertisement, patriotically chartered by Commander King-Hall, to set forth Dr. Goebbels' counter-propaganda appeared in the press on the first fine day of the summer holidays (and was duly banned in Germany). It lay and glared at holiday-makers on a hundred sea beaches and its glare seemed to dim the brilliance of the sunshine and the blue of sea and sky. It is a page of the sorriest stuff that ever tired compositor was asked to set up. Men of average education could not read it through and skimmed a sentence or two with a blush for humanity. In normal



conditions no one over twelve years of age would trouble to read it or pay more heed to it and its dangers than they would to a lying rumour in a cheap Sunday journal's gossip column. Yet several Ministers of the Crown have said, and believe, that it is essential for Britain to combat it by counter-propaganda—and Commander King-Hall has undertaken the job. It is an unenviable job and a dangerous trade, undertaken patriotically. I wish I could be sure it was wisely undertaken. Goebbels is doing the dirtiest job that the Reich government requires to be done. Commander King-Hall has very nobly carried his high qualities and dignified appliances down to the same level to do what he may to combat the sabotage of Goebbels.

"TU QUOQUE."

—But what good will come of it? Can it do more than "keep a mournful feud alive that else had died"? For die one day it will, in God's good time when sanity returns to this Bedlam world; and meanwhile answering such lies is mere ploughing of the sands. When an individual is faced with the vile slanders of an enemy he does, if he be dignified, one of two things: he disregards it if it be patent lying and relies on his friends and the sane world to support and to believe in him. But if the

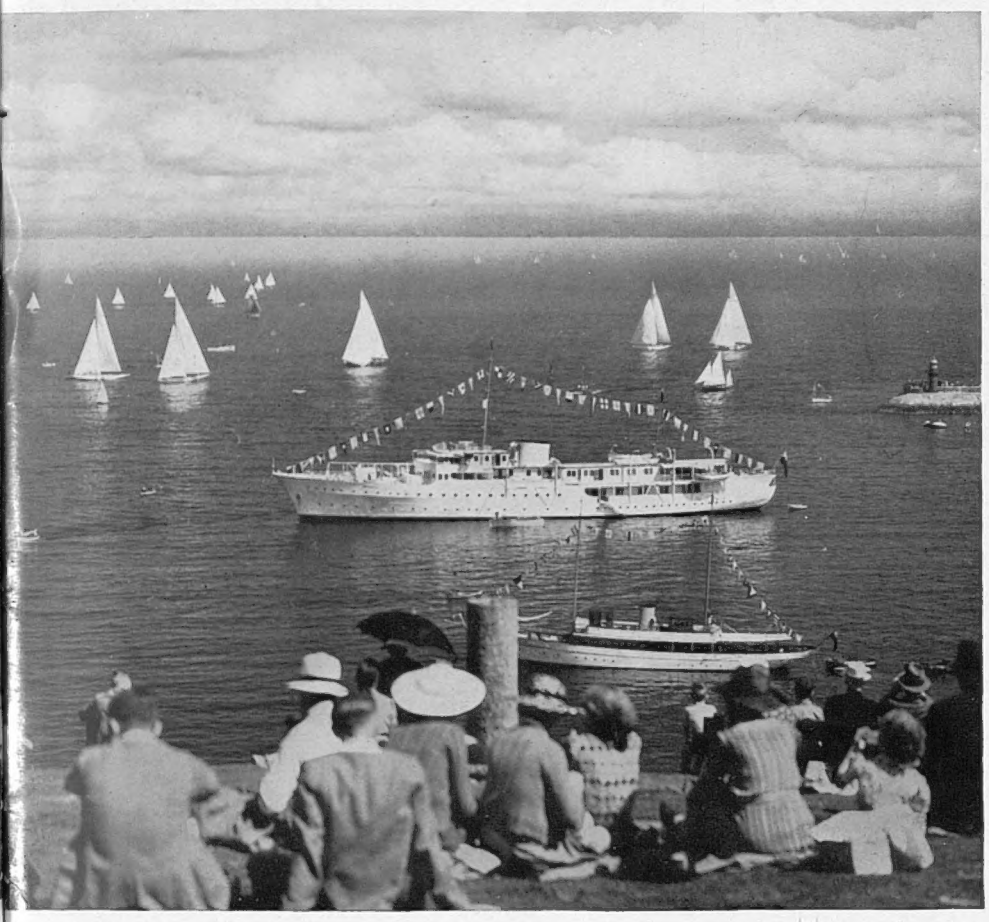
slanders affect his business or career, he invokes the law and has the slanderer silenced and punished. No action at law lies in the slander of a race by a race. A dignified nation has therefore two alternatives: to keep dignified silence or to start a counter-propaganda campaign. Is a nation in a different position to an individual? A dignified individual does not stoop to counter-propaganda. He knows that time and essential justice are on his side, and he maintains a dignified silence and waits for time and justice to work on his behalf. How are we then to justify sacrificing what remains of our reputation for dignity as a nation by throwing Britain into this tiresome, nasty-schoolboy vendetta of words which can only acerbate the bitterness, underline its nastiness, and not by a week curtail its duration which depends on factors beyond our control?

WALL STREET AND FUTILITY.—The B.B.C. news bulletins have their bitter critics, of whom Sir Neville Pearson was the last and noted to join issue. I won't enlarge again on the dreariness and doubtful value of its nightly, slavish attention to the vitriolic insults of German journalists, to the rumour and gossip and panics in Warsaw, Berlin, Munich, and Danzig. Most of us have long since reached finality. Either we fight and perhaps die on the Danzig issue, or we don't. Either way, we are getting older, and we hate to be bored unnecessarily by oft-told tales, which were dull enough when new. But there is another nightly feature of the bulletin which is less controversial, and to my mind even more futile. I refer to the New York stock market report. Truly, my heart bleeds for the poor man who must nightly read out that piece of bunkum in a serious voice: "Political uncertainties in Europe restrained buyers, while hopes of improving industrial conditions in the States induced a moderate optimism, and the market closed with losses up to 1 dollar." "Better advices for trade improvement at home produced some demand for leading counters, while the European situation was regarded as more hopeful, and the market closed on a strong note with advances up to 2 dollars." Supposing someone collected those stock reports—200 of them—and at the point of a pistol compelled Mr. Ogilvie to read them through, in what state would his brain be at the end? And what has been the effect of these hopes and fears on your favourite counters during these six months? Stands Chesapeake Common where it did? Yes, precisely, at 35½. If these bulletins are not Futility epitomised and long drawn out, I never met futility.

BURIED TREASURE.—Green-eyed jealousy stains my congratulations to Mrs. Pretty for her little haul of buried treasure. It is a haul which archæologists confidently rank among the most important ever made in this country from the period of the dead past which it covers. I will leave it to others—after scientific research and careful examination—to tell us of the virtues and importance of the finds and what the ship and the precious metals tell us of the lives and civilisation of our ancestors. Already we have been given to understand that art connoisseurs in those days were world-conscious and had their agents "picking-up" treasures cheap as far away as far Cathay, and that unknown Byzantium was as well known then as now. Already we have learned (via the B.B.C.) that we mustn't say "Vi-king" but "Vicking"! But my task here is to congratulate the landowner on having brought off the dream of my life—to spot on one's own ground a possible dump of buried treasure, to go quietly and at leisure about the work of unearthing it, to be present when the first strike is made, to handle one by one the treasures gently removed from the dust of unnumbered centuries, to apply a discreet rubbing to a corner of blackened metal and to see the gold gleam out again, and, to crown the dream, to be acclaimed the finder and owner of a cache of Tutankhamen importance. This is the dream of dreams, the dream of every man in whom the qualities and characteristics of Jim Hawkins still survive despite grey hairs and black cares. Pieces of eight! Westward Ho! and Sutton Hoo!

HISTORY LESSON AT MALVERN.—Shaw is the Malvern Festival. What Malvern and Shaw think and say to-day, London will be thinking and saying in October. This season it is old Rowley and the notables of his day who are collected and driven in as pegs on which to hang Mr. Shaw's glittering and flowing raiment. An opportunity is found to let King Charles instruct Queen Catharine in methods by which Mr. Shaw would govern Englishmen, to-day, yesterday and to-morrow. Mr. Shaw very seldom writes plays but no one excels him as a writer of stage tracts. He laughs at the rules which humdrum playwrights conform to. He and Shakespeare, if it suit them, give a seaboard to Bohemia, and historical fact is not allowed to obstruct the fancies they wish to enact. It is much the same with Hollywood film-producers. If it suits them to bring Wellington, Nelson (with Lady Hamilton, of course), Napoleon, Pitt, Walter Scott, Byron (with Lady Caroline Lamb, of course), Mr. Creevey and George IV, into a glade together in "another part of the forest," they do so. But there the roads of Shaw and the Hollywood crowd branch. Shaw is nuts on the characters of his puppets or pegs. His new views of Charles, Newton, James, Catharine and the rest are the result of profound study and stand on the firm bases of documentary evidence. He will have none of the thick grease-paints of the vulgar tradition, which are more than satisfying to Hollywood. At eighty-three, nourished on a vegetarian diet, Mr. Shaw wags his tongue and uses his brain as brilliantly, as ceaselessly, as pointedly, as ever. His prose, his wise-saws, his views on history and art and politics will live. But I doubt the long survival of his later "plays" beyond his lifetime. I think they will be playing *She Stoops to Conquer* generations after Mr. Shaw's name as a dramatist is forgotten.

THE OLD STAGER



A PEACEFUL SCENE ON A SUMMER SEA: The Royal Thames Yacht Club's Regatta at Brixham always produces a pretty sight from the rising ground above the harbour. This year, from a racing point of view, the event lost a good deal of interest owing to the failure of the wind. The scene, however, of the shimmering sea beneath a lovely summer sky was one very grateful to the eye. The large white motor cruiser *Philante* (owned by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith) was a notable feature of this idyllic scene

THE OBSER

CRISIS AND THE POWERS

A GRAVER URGENCY

LORD HALIFAX RETURNS

FÜHRER MAY FORCE THE ISSUE

A sudden acceleration of the European crisis is indicated by the news from Germany.

Instead of formulating his demands at the Nuremberg "Peace Rally," it is now seriously believed that Herr Hitler will force the issue. What the threatened action will be is, of course, not disclosed.

Lord Halifax, who had intended to come to London to discuss the situation with Mr. Chamberlain on Tuesday, unexpectedly returned yesterday. He spent several hours at the Foreign Office, and, after preparing material for his report to the Prime Minister, will return to Yorkshire to-day.

Whether the German reports are part of a deliberate attempt to create a war atmosphere cannot be said, but German official circles still seem to believe that Britain and France will not go to the aid of Poland.

ITALIAN ADVICE REJECTED

After the Salzburg meeting, where, it is stated, the Führer rejected Italian advice for moderation, the Rome Press adopts a more urgent note. "The hour is grave for European peace," says Signor Gayda.

In Paris M. Daladier, the French Premier, and M. Bonnet, the Foreign Minister, discussed the latest reports on the situation from French Ambassadors, particularly that of the Berlin envoy. The feeling of France generally is described as "calm, but prepared."

Messages dealing with the latest developments at Danzig, and the violent German campaign against Poland are on page 14.

A CRITICAL WEEK AHEAD

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

BERLIN, Saturday

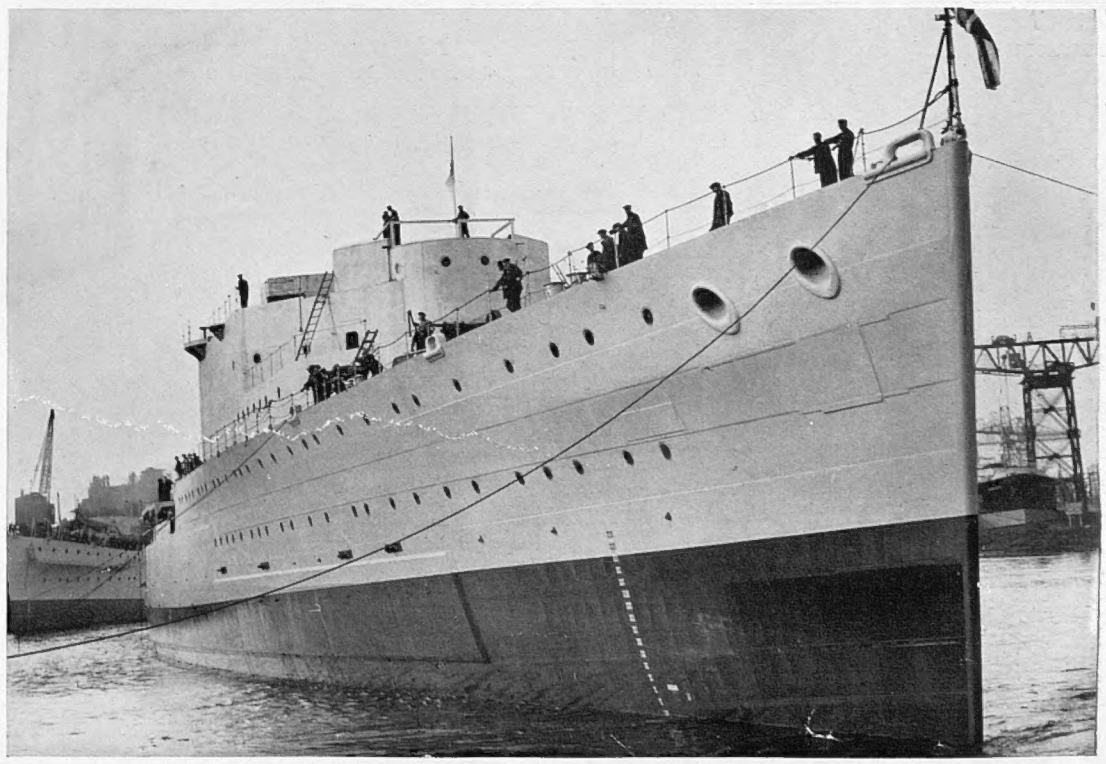
The situation as seen from Berlin appears to be extremely grave. The crisis seems to be rapidly reaching a climax.

Before Count Ciano's visit last week-end most observers were firmly that this year's Polish crisis has been started several weeks earlier than last year's Czech crisis also points to the danger of war implicit in the situation.

It is thought that strategic military reasons have something to do with this time element in the crisis. A war waged against Poland must not be started too

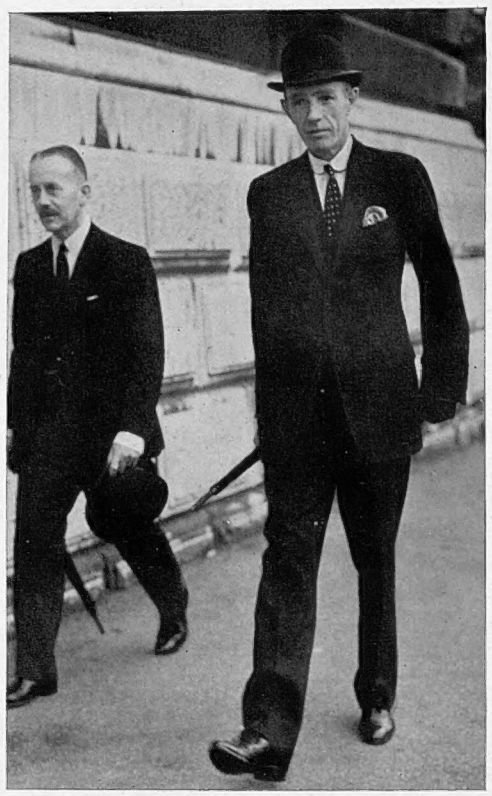
THE WEEK-END NOTE: This summary from the *Observer* (August 20) gave a good condensation of the rapid acceleration of Europe's war-pulse during the week-end. The return of the Prime Minister and Lord Halifax to London in order to consult concerning the news, both from Central Europe and the Far East, gave evidence of the gravity of the situation

There is to be a big Red Cross Rally at Airlie Castle, Kirriemuir, Angus, on September 3. Many notable people will be present, and the salute for the march-past will be taken by the Lord Lieutenant (The Earl of Airlie), Lord Kinnaird, and Brigadier T. C. Mudie.



YET ANOTHER BRITISH CRUISER LAUNCHED: On Friday of last week H.M.S. *Kenya*, the latest British cruiser to take the water, was launched by the Duchess of Gloucester at Govan, near Glasgow. She is one of the new "colonial" cruisers, built for the defence of trade routes. She was laid down last July and is due for completion in the late spring of next year. Her speed will be 33 knots

A WEEK OF TENSION : Scenes at Home and Abroad



CRISIS STUDIES : In the picture on the *left* is Sir Robert Vansittart, Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the Government, while in the picture *above* is seen the Foreign Minister, Lord Halifax

POLAND'S LEGAL REPRESENTATIVE : Dr. V. Kulski (left), legal adviser to the Polish Foreign Office, seen in London, where he is preparing the final draft of the Anglo-Polish Treaty of Mutual Assistance

JOYOUS OCCASION : In the afternoon of August 18, the Fascist contingent taking part in the Rome—Berlin—Rome motor-cycle trial arrived in the German capital where they were heartily welcomed. Senior Area-Leader Axmann (right) is seen greeting them on their arrival

AERIAL TRAGEDY :

U.S.A. MILITARY MANŒUVRES : Members of the 157th Field Artillery from Trenton, N.J., who took part in the greatest U.S. Army peace-time manœuvres ever staged. Some 52,000 National Guardsmen concentrated in upstate New York in a mythical invasion of the east coast

WAR-LIKE REALISM :

LONDON'S SECRET DEFENCE CONTROL ROOM:

In a closely-guarded room, several men sit in front of two huge floodlit maps of the Metropolis. On them, the safety of thousands of lives may depend in an emergency. By means of an ingenious system, reports of all that is happening in the capital can be sent out

I.R.A. LEADER SPEAKS:

Sean Russell, Irish Republican Army leader, addressing the Anti-Partition Day meeting held by the Irish-American National Alliance in Chicago

All that remained of a Deutsche Lufthansa Junkers machine after it had crashed at Rangoon while on the Berlin-Bangkok inaugural service flight

THE FIRST PARADE OF THE DANZIG ARMY:

Herr Förster (extreme left) inspecting the Danzig Heimwehr on the occasion of their first public parade, while Danzig Nazis salute. This army of about 2,000 men has been recruited during the past few weeks from Nazi Guards introduced into the Free City in the guise of tourists

From a crouched position men of the 104th Infantry from Holyoke, Mass., blaze away at the "enemy" during a skirmish in the U.S. Army manœuvres

BUSHVELD MANŒUVRES IN NORTHERN TRANSVAAL:

The Minister of Defence, Mr. O. Pirow (in civilian attire), chats with the staff officers during the extensive manœuvres in the tactical training of officers in the Permanent Force and Active Citizen Forces in the Northern Transvaal Bushveld

THE ARMY AT HOME: In Camp and on the Move—The Naval Militiamen at the R.N. Barracks, Devonport

TESTING THE ARMY'S MOBILITY:

Last week-end on the road between Brentwood and Colchester there stretched long convoys of army lorries heading for Warley Barracks, near Brentwood, carrying out a big organised military "move." Some of the troops taking part are seen resting under the trees in Thornden Park, Shenfield

NAVAL MILITIAMEN:

The first 500 of the militiamen who are to do their service with the Royal Navy reported for their six months' training last week at the R.N. Barracks, Devonport. They are seen getting their first rations at the running buffet installed in the drill shed before being issued with uniforms

THE CAMOUFLAGE VALUE OF FOLIAGE:

Had not the sun reflected the headlamps of these lorries, their presence would possibly not have been revealed to the occupants of the aeroplane from which this picture was taken. The dangers of low flying over wooded country adds to the difficulties of the aerial observers

FOR MENTAL RELAXATION:

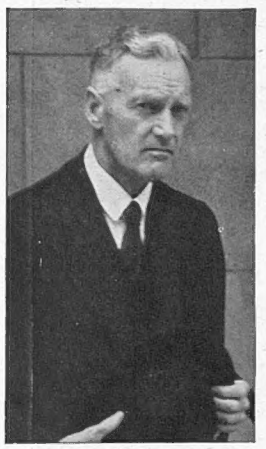
Library books for the militiamen at Arborfield Camp, Reading. Following a selection by a joint committee of the National Book Council and the Society of Authors of 1,500 books for the men to read during their service, it was decided that the militiamen's reading matter should consist of 40 per cent. fiction and 60 per cent. non-fiction

GERMANY'S "BOMB"

The Proposal of a Non-Aggression Pact With Russia Astonishes the World, Which Waits to See Which Way the Bomb Will Really Explode

GERMANY'S GEOGRAPHICAL RELATION TO RUSSIA: In this sketch map it will be seen that Germany and the U.S.S.R. are separated from one another by Poland. They only approach one another through the tail-end of old Czechoslovakia where Ruthenia impinges on Hungary

ALTHOUGH there had been certain indications that Germany was casting envious eyes on the Allies' Mission to Moscow, it was evidently not thought possible that Germany, the champion of Central Europe against Russian Communism, would go to the length of proposing a non-aggression pact with the U.S.S.R. The whole diplomatic world appears to have been jolted on Tuesday morning when the announcement was made from Berlin and confirmed from Moscow. Paris at once seized on the point of "What has become of the Anti-Comintern pact?" Could it exist any longer? it was asked. And the reaction in the Far East was prompt and perhaps not fully contemplated when the European advantages of the proposed pact were being pointed out. Japan's position was certainly altered, much more so than that of Poland or the Allies. Poland all along has not sought the help of Russia, and her calculations cannot have been based on the hope of assistance she did not desire. Washington was very keenly alive to the possibilities of this new turn in the whirligig of Central European politics. Those, too, who hold Russia in admiration were nonplussed at this sign of what they feared must be interpreted as a policy showing no friendly leaning towards world labour.



LEADER OF BRITISH MISSION TO MOSCOW: Admiral the Hon. Sir Reginald Plunkett-Ernle-Erle-Drax and the rest of the British Mission were in Moscow when the proposed Russo-German pact was announced

DANZIG'S HISTORY IN BRIEF

1434.—Under Jagello (King of Poland for forty-nine years). Poland established as one of the Great Powers.

1466.—Treaty of Thorn. Danzig restored to Poland.

1558.—(Shortly after). Livonia incorporated in Poland, enabling her to develop as naval power.

1629.—Treaty of Altmark. Swedes victorious under Gustavus Adolphus. Poland ceded Livonia to Sweden.

1650.—A map shows corridor separating East Prussia.

1657.—Poland lost rights over East Prussia.

1740.—Frederick the Great became King of Prussia.

1772.—First Partition Treaty of Poland. Prussia obtained West Prussia (with exception of Danzig and Thorn) and so joined Pomerania with East Prussia, with power to levy tolls on the Vistula—land had belonged to Poland for 200 years.

1790.—Prussia signed treaty guaranteeing Polish integrity, and promising assistance against third party attack.

1793.—Second Partition Treaty. Prussia, who had refused help to Poles against Russian attack, herself invaded Poland—gained Danzig by this treaty.

1807.—Danzig surrendered to Napoleon.

1812.—Besieged by allies, fighting Napoleon.

1814.—Surrendered to allies.

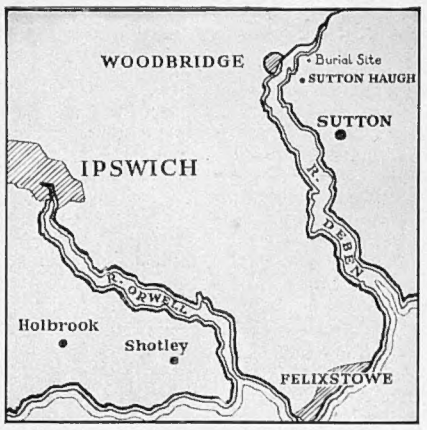
1815.—Treaty of Vienna—Danzig returned to Prussia. The Vienna Congress planned a constitution for Poland, with the Czar as king—with limitations.

1863.—Insurrection of the Poles gave opportunity for Czar Nicholas to overthrow the constitution and bring Poland under complete autocratic rule.

Danzig belonged to Poland for 300 years—from 1466 to 1793 when the city was seized by Prussia, at the second partition by Prussia and Russia.

I See the Ship Burial at Sutton Hoo

A Personal Note by I. Sheldon-Williams



WHERE THE EAST ANGLIAN KING WAS BURIED: The site is near Sutton Hoo or Haugh as some maps have it

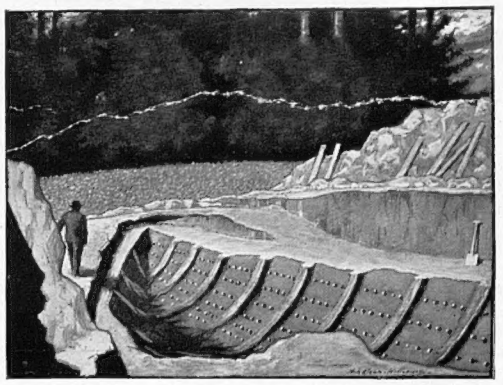
THIRTEEN HUNDRED years ago they had hauled that ship, 82 ft. long and some 16 ft. in beam, 100 ft. up above the tidal mud and sedge of the river Deben to the grave prepared on the hill-top beside the pine wood over against Woodbridge. His was no catafalque built on the spot, but his own sea-battered bark; the bark of a warrior prince, of the great East Anglian King, Redwald, they say, or one of his kin. In his bark for his tomb they had laid him, fully clad in armour. And with him costly treasure; spoils of war, pledges of friendship from far-off kings, and jewels fit to adorn a stately lord setting forth to greet the immortals.

The opened tomb shows the perfect mould or matrix of stiff sand from which for all the world the model of the ship might have just been cut away, so clean is the impress of each rivet-head and ribbing.

As I stood sketching, through the voices of men at work came—as when Regional will interfere with National—long, wistful atmospherics, clearer or muted, as if to the opening and shutting of a door; against them, deep bass chanting, like a rhythmic triumphant tramp, that made way at intervals for antiphonal wailing of women. These stopped, and there came a short, sharp tenor staccato of priests at some fierce kind of litany, wild and pagan. Always with the rise and fall of the dirge behind, wood-wind sounds. Next, three times repeated, a great shout like a war cry, and the clash of grounding shields. A spray in the pine wood rose and fell to a stir in the air, like a brandished battleaxe . . . and, close beside me, a smothered, disconsolate sobbing that seemed no part of any ritual at all. . . .

If the old saga is true, his most trusty henchman went alive to burial with his master, whether land burial, or drifting on the rudderless funeral pyre out on the last sea-faring to the land of the spirits, as wind and tide listed. For once, for love's sake, the loyal servitor failed of his high ordeal. But the summons of his dead lord was not to be denied, and at the last, belated, he followed.

I had arrived at matter-of-fact Sutton Hoo, where they were to hold the inquest on the treasure that afternoon, by way of a local bus. I counted two cottages and a police station, went into a public house, and there was a post office which sold sweets and things, besides a hut done in creosote, where the meeting was to be held. Inhabitants were quite pleased that Sutton Hoo had been put on the map.

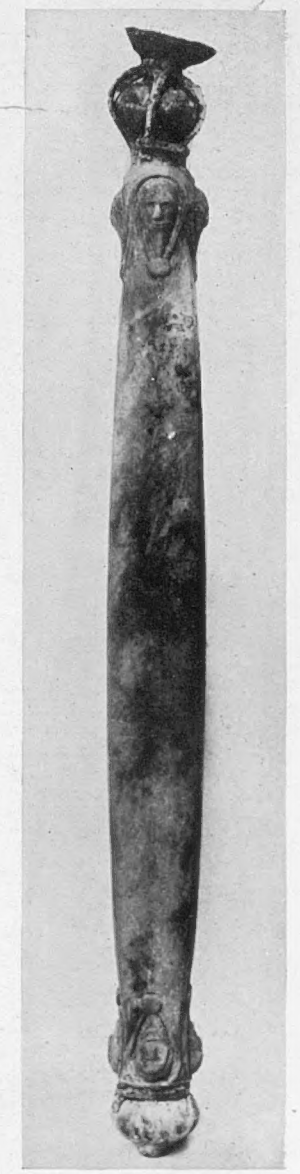


THE SHIP SITE: Mr. Sheldon-Williams made this drawing to show the position of the site in the mound. In the background is a mass of trees. See opposite page for further views

The excavation is about 2 miles away, so I rode on a lorry till it came to a path across the flat wilderness of bracken opposite the turning to Hollesley. Here I talked to two ladies on the same errand, who were eating sandwiches in their car, but though they chatted very pleasantly and I tried to look tired, I saw it was up to me to walk. There three cheerful navvies quite failed to exorcise those ghosts who, failing other evidence, seemed proof enough that there was no question of concealing treasure to be subsequently reclaimed by persons entitled to it, in which case discovery by others under conditions when no claimant could be forthcoming would constitute "treasure trove" in which the State would claim its share.

The jury then came to the decision in five minutes that the legal finder was Mrs. E. M. Pretty, who in 1926 bought the estate on which the discovery was made, and that it was not treasure trove.

It is estimated that the intrinsic value of the gold itself may be not more than £400 or £500, but the whole collection is considered to be without its equal in interest in anything of the kind hitherto found in England.



FOUND ON THE SHIP SITE: A ceremonial whetstone about 20 inches long embellished at each end with bronze claws

Other tumuli in the neighbourhood are marked for investigation later. When I had left the open grave I met an Anglo-Saxon who told me there was a short cut to Woodbridge by the ferry which would save me going all the way round to Melton again, which is a bus stop between Woodbridge and Sutton Hoo, and that I should get a better service of buses. He said all I had to do was to go down the hill behind the wood and then follow a telegraph wire. Down in the bottom, the neglected garden of a derelict farm invited a rest and the overhauling of notes. Probably it is occupied by Karlsefne and his carles, but I pushed on, pressed for time, till I found the telegraph wire.

It ran impartially in and out of woods, through marshy pastures, and over fences, ditches, and sucking mud-holes hidden under matted reeds, and so along to the ebb-tide water's-edge and up and down through jungles. A spaniel who had picked me up followed casually, snapping at some of the wasps, till I saw on a high place a draped figure, poised statuesque, pointing the way. But it was a small boy getting into his shirt after a bathe.

"Where," I said, "is the ferry?"

"Is that your dog?" he asked.

"No; but about that ferry?"

"Do you see that green door in the building across the river? It is shut now. When it stands open it means that the ferryman is doing business."

"Oh! Is that so?"

"Yes, If you wave, the ferryman will very likely see you and come across for you. Of course, he may wait till more people want to get over. I think that is the dog they are looking for in Woodbridge. You had better take it across with you."

When the ferryman turned up half an hour late we hauled a reluctant Cerberus into the boat. I think he had swum over on private business of his own. There had been a hue and cry for him. Parts of him looked quite well bred. When we lugged him ashore I thought some people looked at me rather oddly.

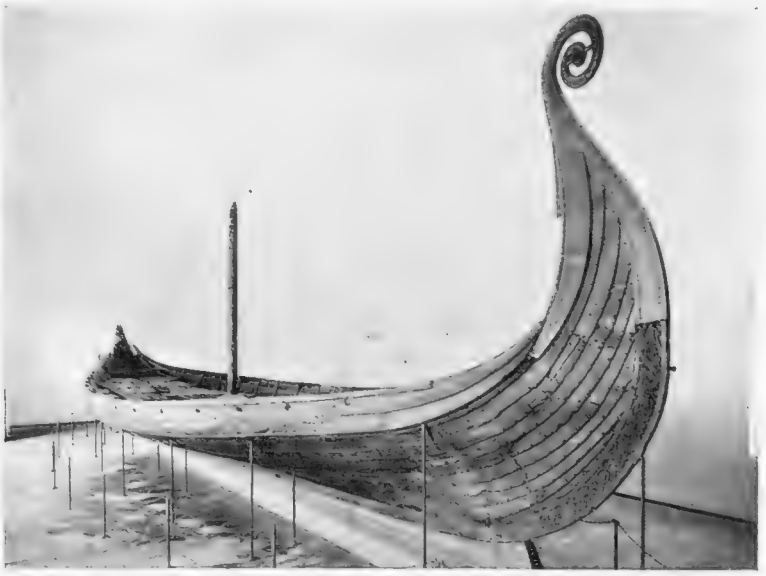
The ferryman told me he had been paddling to and fro for twenty-two years and 'tis but a penny, but yeo ho! yeo ho ho! you may call as you will till that little green door opens across the tide which, except for me, seemed the only thing in a hurry.

UNEARTHING THE SHIP-GRAVE OF AN ANGLO-SAXON WARRIOR KING

The Excavations at Sutton Hoo, Suffolk, Reveal the Outlines of a Sixth-century Sea-going Craft

THE IMPRINT OF TIME: Men working in the excavations in the tumulus at Sutton Hoo, near Woodbridge, Suffolk, where they have brought to light the ship-grave of an Anglo-Saxon warrior king, together with large quantities of silver and gold jewellery and plate, dating from about A.D. 600. The boat, which was 82 ft. long, was dragged ashore, and the king was laid to rest in it surrounded by his worldly treasures. The wood of the vessel has for the most part rotted away, but lines of regularly-spaced marks in the earth show clearly enough how it was constructed. Pictures of the treasure, including the fine Byzantine ornamental plate, were reproduced in "The Sphere" of August 19 just after it had been decided by a coroner's court that the First Finder (Mrs. Pretty) was the owner of the treasure

WORKING IN THE MOULD OF THE BURIAL SHIP: A picture that evidences the great size of the craft that was buried at Sutton Hoo when the warrior king was laid to rest by his mourning subjects over thirteen centuries ago. The ship was buried 10 ft. beneath the old gravel surface and dragging it from the river to its final position undoubtedly must have involved very considerable labour and man power



A VIKING SHIP OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY A.D.: This craft, which was discovered in 1904 on a farm at Oseberg, Norway, is of much the same type but post-dates by about two centuries the boat in which the Anglo-Saxon warrior king was laid to rest and which has just been unearthed at Sutton Hoo, Suffolk

On right—
IN THE DAYS OF THE SEA ROVERS: An impression of a Viking ship of the type in which the Anglo-Saxon warrior king was laid to rest

"POURQUOI S'EN FAIRE?"

"Why Get Excited?" Asks the Parisian of Himself, and so, Crisis or no Crisis, He Goes Equably on His Way, Calm, Cheerful, and Philosophical

M. LA CHAMBRE GLANCES SKYWARD: France's young and energetic Air Minister watching a demonstration of aerial might

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT never happened before. In 1870, Parisians were clamouring "*à Berlin!*" one day and trying to get there almost the next. In 1914 there was less than one brief week of mounting crisis before the guns spoke. In neither of these fatal years was the French capital subjected to nervous or temperamental or philosophical test before the bombardment. What kind of figure Parisians would cut under such a testing remained a matter for conjecture—until this summer.

At its start there was legitimate reason for supposing that Paris would become jumpy, ill-tempered and depressed, and that progressively with the prolongation of the strain these symptoms would become more pronounced. That almost the exact reverse has happened can surely be written down as the social surprise of the year.

A tale of three cities:—Berlin: Stricken by moral lethargy from no responsibility, bemused by Goebbels; Rome: Sullen, resentful at the German tie, resignedly true to the Duce; Paris: Calm, philosophical, cheerful.

I mentioned to a favourite waiter how the avalanche of British visitors was remarking on the brightness and equanimity that they found. He thought a moment, looked at the boulevard. "But what will you? One works oneself up over a trifle. But when it is serious it is best thus. Remark well that we are getting used to it. It is five months since partial mobilisation was decreed and the boys are still out there." He pointed eastward. "These mobilisations have given us proof that our army is fine again, especially the March one. That steadies. Paris cannot be invaded."

He served a client, and resumed: "*Pourquoi s'en faire?* (Why get excited?) It is destiny—one man will decide! This war of the nerves or white war or what they call it, is now becoming the normal. If anything, the wear and tear makes one more warlike. One reasons, 'if we must have it, let us get it done with, for such chronic uncertainty finishes by becoming tiresome.' See—my little friend wishes that I buy a motor-cycle. I, too. But is it sense when one may be separated from it the next day? Maybe finally? It is the same all the way up."

I remarked that perhaps M. Daladier had something to do with the new psychological stabilisation.

"Yes, and especially Paul Reynaud. To feel one has money in the coffers again is imperative. Naturally the working-man is losing some of the advantages he recently won, but, never fear, he will return to the battle when it is suitable! At present it is realised that one must work and arm or one will lose all—*all*. Are not our Communists the greatest patriots and do they not see their foreign ideas espoused by the Government? What a game it all is, to be sure!"

There are few keener observers of life and affairs than intelligent Paris waiters who, in contact with all kinds, like most of their race do their own thinking while philosophically surveying the scene. That they may be called up overnight does not colour their views or flurry them; in fact, not a scrap of doubt but that French military service, with its genuine sinking of class and privilege, influences greatly towards solidarity and steadiness at this juncture. Another thing is that all the preparedness does not obtrude itself. To saunter in Paris "under the menace" is to observe small difference in the military sense.

There are more uniforms in the streets and more young men ragging and rioting before joining the colours. Notices on the walls relate to A.R.P. exercises and to the calling up of classes. Reviews and martial occasions are on the grander scale. The newspapers are making Gamelin, Darlan, Vuillemin, household words. As they copiously report the military picture of France's allies.

The newspapers are now adding to the calm, and it was about time. They realise they have got somebody closely watching them, in M. Daladier, and that, furthermore, they are not exactly in good odour following the arrest of two of their "personages" for alleged trafficking with the potential enemy. So they present coolly, and as objectively as anywhere else, if not more so, the daily dose of the dictators, attitude which communicates itself to the public. Only rare citizens talk excitedly over the latest move or speech by the dictators. Rather are comments laconic to a degree that surprises even those long acquainted with Parisians.

A taxi-driver, however, recounted that on speech nights takings descend steeply. It appears that clients stay at home in order to listen to the radio and then to digest matters. These orations also affect purchases by housewives of the populous class, who, once the alarm is past, cease to serve "sardines and haricot beans" that have been an anxious week's precautionary menu, and revert to fresher fare. But all the time they lay in more and more preserves. Life has become very dear for French people, but they are spending relatively more than ever they did—those reserve provisions do not rule out a visit to the café or cinema. This is distinctly responsible for some of the brightness noted by the recent British avalanche.

Some of this new free-handedness with money can be traced to the temporary economic and business euphoria emanating from rearmament and the general abnormality, more of it by "if there's going to be war let's have a good time," but beyond all this one detects a definite veering on the part of the Under Forties from the avaricious saving of the past. France-on-the-way is changing physically, mentally and morally, and knowledge of this renascence has notably contributed to the death of a severe inferiority complex which reached its peak after "Munich."

Another reason for "the surprise of Paris," as Hollywood stars termed it at a luncheon (and their advent in force at this time was immensely popular), I had occasion to learn when brushing with officialdom. "The capital is calm," I was told, "because it has faith in what its leaders are doing and has settled down to a new routine. A measure of care over foreign policy has been shaken off because London has assumed so much of the responsibility. And why should we complain? If London is at last doing what we have all along urged?

"But we shall need all our equanimity and good judgment in days to come. This war, if it arrives, is going to be no ordinary one. We may see the entire weight of the Axis directed against this or that country—maybe against England—in the hope of breaking off an unattacked France. Enticing separate peace offers will be made to us and others—maybe to England, should it be France that the Axis descends on. The attempted weakening of the anti-aggression front in peace time is as nothing compared to what should be essayed in the same line in war." Coming whence it did, this gave one to think.

What would happen in this laudable Paris did the blow fall? It is a prospect that is perhaps worth considering, if only by way of comparison with what you may be expecting in London.

Paris in the last war was quite a nice place to go to. It comes back to-day as an affair of gorgeous repasts and mademoiselles, and of fairyland recuperative drives in the Bois. Of course, tragedy weighed all about, but one was deliberate in overlooking that. A Paris of teeming uniforms, of low lights, of women, of 10 p.m. closing, and of subsequent illicit carrying on until any old time. Awkward moments came with "the Gothas," and then with "Big Bertha," but, exception made of the ghastliness of that last Good Friday massacre at the church of St. Gervais, Paris got off pretty easily in 1914–18. The population actually increased through the uncontrolled incursion of large numbers from the departments overrun by the Germans.

Any evacuation that occurred in wake of the too anticipatory exit of President Poincaré and the Government to Bordeaux, in which many motoring *richismes* joined, was confined to children, the infirm and the aged, and well-to-do folk who were much better away from the scene. In sum, rather did that war-time Paris *attract* people.

It would be idle to imagine the same happening again. Already, measures have been taken that should lead to the evacuation of one quarter of the four million population of Greater Paris. The majority would come from the 1,700,000 living in the city of Paris itself, and the 600,000 in the immediate suburbs. Supplementary to the organised exodus, French town-dwellers are lucky in almost invariably having *de la famille* in the provinces. They frequently spend their holidays with country relatives in normal times, and it is certain that a large number of *rentiers* and "useless mouths," of children, old people, and women, would go off in this manner.

Some 200 trains and twice as many lorries are ear-marked to take "the first million" away from the capital, inside the first 10 days after mobilisation. Each person is told to take two cold meals, one blanket, and hand luggage only. People can go away independently, even on foot, if they choose, but in such eventuality they will have to stick to fixed, labelled itineraries, particularly in leaving Paris. At all hazards, traffic chaos would have to be avoided. There are eleven main arterial roads out of Paris but probably only five would be at all popular, the roads to the north and east not being likely to claim many pilgrims. But the four to the centre and south, and most of all the great new one to the west, would be likely to be packed.

One bright soul suggested a rehearsal, with 5,000 vehicles of all kinds, but the idea failed to attract in view of the disinclination of vehicle-owners to engage their property in such a risky general performance.

The "first million" would have to go whither it is directed. No one need budge from Paris, but once a person starts budging under the system of State shepherding, he or she would be obliged to take such and such a train or lorry, en route for such a detraining or debussing centre, whence would occur the final journey to the house, family, or billet selected for the particular evacuee (why not?). Families would be kept together, as far as possible, but it is pointed out that the smaller children would be better off at seaside or country "colonies" under their teachers. If an evacuee can pay for his upkeep, so much the better. Otherwise, camps, barracks, public or disused buildings, would be commandeered, and rations dished out.

Turning to those who would remain in Paris, observe firstly that no one has yet devised a means of separating a Frenchman of the little bourgeoisie and the *commercant* classes from home and possessions, and that these layers form the bulk of Parisians. In other words, one does not envisage Paris under any likely circumstances as being "empty." I have been speaking to people who intend to stay in Paris, and here is a condensation of their way of thinking:—

Active defence has been improved enormously. Paris is fortunate in being freely surrounded by hills, and well-perched A.A. batteries now form a ring, while from level ground close at hand, all round the capital, transformed fighting squadrons would converge. (The balloon barrage has been turned down, as too costly, intricate, and at the mercy of the weather. These may not be the only reasons. Paris has scarcely got the same vital areas that London has. There is no "City"—it seems that if only 12,000 sleep in the City, 500,000 troop in each morning. Nor has Paris a Whitehall or a Fleet Street. The whole show is more split up.)

My Parisian friends went on to point out that there exist 35,000 cellars listed as safe, many of which can take up to 100 persons.

For dwellers on the perimeter, deep trenches, 10 miles in total zigzagging, and capable of holding 250,000 people, are being completed on ground formerly occupied by the old fortifications. For such as would have to run the gauntlet of the inner city each day, a considerable section of the Underground in the business quarter has been strengthened and made gas-proof. Here, it is thought, up to 80,000 could wait in safety. If any use is being reserved for the celebrated drains—like miniature "undergrounds"—such is being kept among the secrets.

THE PARISIAN CARRIES ON: Intent on the business of the day, he refuses to spare time for scares

NEWS from SPAIN and the FAR EAST: A FOREIGN SURVEY

Members of the Singapore garrison manning one of their guns during exercises at the great naval and military base which, during the past few weeks, has been the scene of intense activity on account of the arrival of large numbers of troops from India. The position of Singapore as headquarters of the R.A.F. Far Eastern Force, has also been strengthened by another squadron of machines from India

DEFENDERS OF SINGAPORE

The Viceroy, the Marquess of Linlithgow (right foreground), arriving at a relief camp during his tour of the famine-stricken Hissar district of the Punjab, where he saw for himself the plight of a people who even in normal harvest years seldom enjoy much prosperity. The Viceroy's considerable practical knowledge of agriculture makes him especially sympathetic in a situation such as this

FAMINE IN INDIA

RE-SHUFFLE IN SPAIN

On right—
General Franco presiding over the first meeting of his new Cabinet in Burgos following his determined effort to put a stop to dissension between the traditionalists, as represented by the army chiefs, and the members of the Phalange. Seated on the left of the Caudillo is Colonel Beigbeder, formerly High Commissioner in Spanish Morocco and now Foreign Minister, while on the right, in white uniform, is Senor Ramon Serrano Suner, brother-in-law of Franco and in a powerful position as Minister of the Interior. Senor Suner's growing influence is said to be a cause for some concern among the military caste

STRENUOUS DAYS IN THE ROYAL ARTILLERY

THE BRAINS OF THE A.A.: Men of the 51st Anti-Aircraft Regiment—one of the more experienced units—at work with a height-finder outside London. The moment a plane is spotted they get "on target" and it is not until they have completed their rather complicated calculations and made known the result to the predictor height scale operator that the predictor can relay to the guns accurate figures for setting the bearing and elevation

WEARING A SPECIAL PROTECTIVE HEADGEAR: A Royal Air Force gunner, clad in anti-mustard gas equipment, fitting his gun into his fighter-plane before going aloft during the recent large-scale exercises over Britain. The work of the fighters

HEIGHT-FINDING DURING NIGHT EXERCISES when the Royal Artillery (height-finders, predictors, and guns) have to co-operate with the Engineers (searchlights). *Below*—On hearing the shout "plane," A.A. men on a suburban war site go at the double to operate their Vickers predictor set in an enclosure near the guns. After "getting on" to the plane through the open sights two of the men will follow it through their telescopes

TESTING AND RE-ASSEMBLING GUNS: Gunners wearing special anti-mustard gas clothing watching the preparation of guns at an R.A.F. station. *Below*—Officers inspecting men in their anti-gas clothing, a type of equipment that has

AND THE AIR FORCE: Anti-Aircraft Gunners Show Their Paces — Air Force Men Don Their Anti-Mustard Gas Clothing

was most effective and, although they were at a disadvantage through operating in cloudy conditions, they succeeded (in the view of the umpires) in accounting for large numbers of the "enemy" or else in driving them well above range

so far not been widely issued in the services. To what extent gas might be used in modern fighting remains completely problematic, as each power maintains more secrecy regarding this deeply to be dreaded phase of warfare than any other

PREPARING FOR ACTION: Anti-aircraft gunners at work on a 3-in. which, although lacking the modernity and the striking power of the famous 3·7-in., is a most effective weapon when dealing with planes up to 20,000 ft. It can fire twenty rounds a minute, but during peace-time practice never more than twelve rounds a minute are used. When the H.A.C. went into a west country camp last week they brought down a target with their first shot from a 3-in.

THE BREN GUN CARRIER: A caterpillar-wheeled vehicle that is now being delivered to the Army in increasing quantities. *Below*—Ammunition numbers at work under the direction of an officer at an anti-aircraft camp in the west country, where numerous Royal Artillery units have already gone for training this summer. In the background is one of the latest 3·7-in. guns, the remarkable effectiveness of which is now being demonstrated up to the hilt

THERE ARE STILL PHŒNICIANS

A Strange People Who, Fleeing from the Wrath of Alexander the Great, Found A Haven and Have Preserved Their Own Identity in Portugal

THE PORTUGUESE PHŒNICIANS ARE GREAT FISHERMEN, dwelling for the most part by the coast. They row long, high-prowed boats with the aid of only one oar and they hold them on to the course by having the rudder lines attached to the waist

THE Europeans have aptly been described as a race of energetic mongrels; but of all countries, there is none that contains such a mixed population as Portugal. In the dim ages, Celts descended upon the Atlantic coast, and they were closely followed by the Iberians from the other side of the Pyrenees. This Celtiberian culture was swept away by the Suevi, formerly dwellers on the banks of the Rhone, and they in turn gave way to the Romans and the Carthaginians. In the meantime, the Greeks set up trading stations along the coasts, only to be exterminated in later days by the Visigoths. A few centuries afterwards came the Galicians from the north, and the Moors and Berbers from the south, and under this domination the Jews found a safe refuge. The first Count of Portucale was aided by Burgundian knights; Lisbon was taken from the Moors by a motley band of marauding crusaders; and the mixture of race was completed by the cross of the Portuguese with negro slaves and East Indian paramours.

Owing to this racial impurity, it is impossible to describe in exact terms the appearance of a typical Portuguese, for, according to his ancestry, he can be short or tall, fair or dark, slightly built or sturdy. In his country there exists a little race that forms a wholly separate entity: the members of it have different physical characteristics; they follow their own customs and laws; they dress in their own way; they speak the language with a peculiar intonation. These people are the modern Phœnicians.

It is known that the Phœnicians traded in tin with the Celts of Cornwall and Brittany at a very early date, but they appear never to have made permanent settlements along these coasts. The survivors of the massacre that followed the destruction of Tyre by Alexander the Great, however, passed by Carthage and found a safer haven beyond the troublous waters of the Mediterranean. From the fourth century B.C. until to-day, members of this strange race have lived their own lives and preserved their own identity in Portugal, regardless of the changing tides of successive domination.

The Phœnician is definitely of Semitic stock, but, while resembling at a casual glance both the Jew and the Arab, he could not be taken for either. In fact he differs equally from both. In common with other Levantines, he seems to walk with a slight stoop, but this appearance is caused by the position of the head and neck, which are set forward on his shoulders. In height, he is, on the average, shorter than the Portuguese, but in build he is stronger, with a well-developed chest and broad hips. The mouth is firm; but the curvature of the lobes forming the nostrils betray his Near-Eastern ancestry.

In complexion he is swarthy and, owing to his distaste for the razor, he appears to have a darker skin than is in reality the case. His high forehead, his broadened cheek-bones, and his hooked nose are features common to all branches of the Semitic race, although they also belong to the ancient Hittite and the modern Armenian. His hair is straight, dark brown or black in colour, and of coarse quality; and his eyes, set close together, give him a shifty appearance which belies his true character.

In dress again the Phœnician differs from his Portuguese hosts.

Normally he wears a pair of trousers made of cotton or linen that do not reach below the middle of the calf. The legs of the trousers are tighter than those prescribed by European fashion,

A PHŒNICIAN BOATMAN OF AVEIRO, the suburb of Oporto where so many members of this highly individual race are congregated. He has a swarthy, typically Semitic countenance, but his distinctly shifty appearance, engendered by the close-set of his eyes, belies his true character

and with the continual flexing of the knee they are thrown out of shape and make the leg of the wearer appear bandy. Around his waist he winds a sash of some bright colour, red, orange or purple; and this hue is rendered all the more brilliant by the drabness of the shirt above it. When it is necessary to wear a coat, he puts on a long gaberdine similar in shape to the caftan of the orthodox Jew or of the pre-war Russian peasant.

Whereas the Portuguese labourer wears a stocking-cap with a long tassel, the Phœnician covers his head first with a soft, brimmed hat, and afterwards with a length of material which serves as a protection either from rain or from the penetrating rays of a burning sun. For reasons of economy and comfort, he goes barefoot. If shoes become essential, he puts on a pair of slippers made of woven cord, which he retains on his feet not by straps or lacings round the heel, but by the upward pressure of his toes.

The Phœnician is rarely found far from estuaries and tidal creeks. He is seen in greatest number in the neighbourhood of Aveiro, in one of the suburbs of Oporto, around the Bay of Setubal, and at Peniche, a fishing village, the name of which is said to be derived from Phœnicia. In these waters he keeps his boats, which are of a type seen nowhere else in Europe, and which are believed to have remained unchanged since the times when their owners dropped anchor in Tyre.

Very high in the prow, these vessels seem to have been built for launching in a heavy surf, but yet the low sides make it obvious that they were designed for calm seas. They are fitted with a single mast, placed well forward, which carries a great lateen sail attached to a boom one-and-a-half times the entire length of the keel. On inland waters, even in the lightest of breezes, progress is extremely rapid, and in the hands of an able mariner, the lateen sail enables the vessel to be hauled closer to the wind than a boat carrying any other rig; but the very spread of canvas and the size of the boom, which do not permit of satisfactory reefing, make sailing in a moderate sea a most hazardous enterprise.

If sailing is impracticable, the craft is punted—a rare method of progression in Portugal—or propelled by a single oar. When rowing, the Phœnician, like many eastern Mediterranean sailors, stands facing the bows; and the nose of the boat is held on its course against every push by a twist of the gigantic rudder, attached to the waist of the rower by lines long enough to be operated even from the very bows of the vessel. By this device, accurate steering, so essential for the negotiation of narrow bridges, is made an easy task.

The favourite occupation of the Phœnicians is fishing, and true to their time-honoured customs, the catch is made either by circular nets weighted with stones, that are cast by hand from the back of the boat, or by a trail of

(Continued on page 334)

THE MEN OF TYRE AND SIDON USED BOATS SUCH AS THESE, and their descendants, the Phœnicians of Portugal, continue to use them, for they are essentially enemies of change. They are extremely steady craft

THE NEW ORDER IN PALESTINE

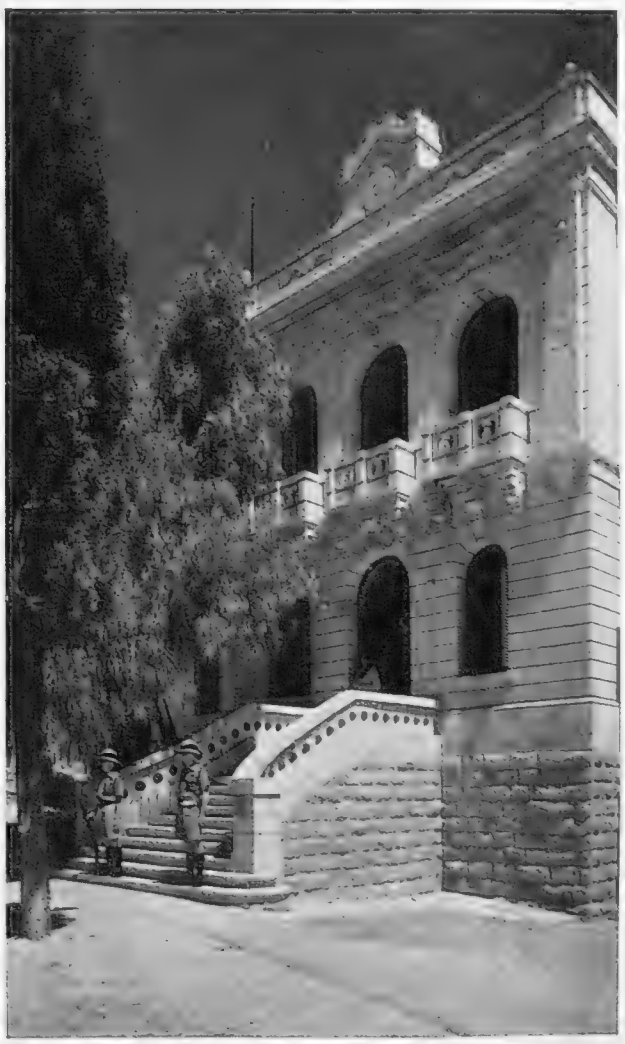
Harvesting Grapes at Zikhron Jacob—Jerusalem's Broadcasting Headquarters

WATCHED BY A MOUNTED SUPERNUMERARY OF THE PALESTINE POLICE, the pickers at Zikhron Jacob, one of the oldest and largest Jewish settlements in the Holy Land, harvest the grapes on their fertile land. During the twenty days that the picking lasts, about 4,000 tons of grapes are gathered (about 200 tons a day) and most of them are used to make the wine which every devout Jew throughout the world drinks on ceremonial occasions

HELPING WITH THE VENDANGE: A German immigrant girl from Frankfort on Main about to pick a fine cluster of Palestine grapes in the fertile vineyards at Zikhron Jacob

To gather 4,000 tons of grapes in three weeks is the task of the grape-pickers of the Jewish colony of Zikhron Jacob. This is one of the oldest and largest of the Jewish settlements in Palestine, having been founded as far back as 1882. It is situated in the Plain of Sharon and is noted throughout Jewry for the excellence of its wines. The settlement to-day is a thriving little town of some 1,200 inhabitants who own between them 4,200 acres of land, almost the whole of which is devoted to viniculture. The gathering of the grapes from the extensive vineyards that surround the little town is no mean ordeal. It is necessary for the crop to be picked and carted to the wine cellars in the town in the space of three weeks. It calls for special preparation and organisation. The services of every available worker in the settlement, both women and girls, are requisitioned, while, in addition, it is necessary to engage the services of some 500 to 600 extra pickers who flock in from the neighbouring colonies

TASTING THE SWEETNESS OF THE PALESTINIAN VINE: Girl pickers who have come into Zikhron Jacob from a nearby town in order to help with the work of harvesting. Between 500 and 600 additional pickers are employed at the settlement during the harvest



JERUSALEM'S NEW BROADCASTING HOUSE: In this handsome stone building, in traditional style, which is guarded night and day by the British soldiery, there are four studios as well as offices, announcing rooms, and a control chamber

ESSENCE OF MODERNITY: The main orchestra studio in Jerusalem's new Broadcasting House which has been completed in accordance with the most advanced ideas prevailing in European and American radio stations. The room is severely plain, having no curtains to deaden the sound

MOUNTED MUSICAL CHAIRS: One of the many exciting events at the gymkhana organised by "A" Section of the Transjordan Frontier Force which is stationed at Zerka under the command of Colonel Chrystall, C.B.E. The scramble for the last chair is always a hectic moment

TUG-OF-WAR ON HORSEBACK: Another big moment at the gymkhana of the Transjordan Frontier Force at Zerka. The force polices the boundary between Palestine and Transjordan. Its men are recruited from many nations and, without exception, they are brilliant horsemen

THE PRIDE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA: A glimpse of the famous Butchart Sunken Gardens at Victoria, capital of Canada's westernmost province, which have been given by Mr. and Mrs. Butchart, the founders, to their twenty-one-year-old grandson, Ian Ross, whose task it is to administer the place under the terms of a trust fund. The gardens occupy the site of an old quarry, a useless unproductive eye-sore, and were laid out by Mr. and Mrs. Butchart over thirty years ago. To-day they constitute one of the great show-places of the North American continent and Canadians, in particular, are delighted to know that they will continue to be preserved. Mr. Ian Ross is at present a student at McGill University

On left—

VINCENNES ZOO NOW HAS AN OKAPI: Admiring the new arrival which has aroused much interest among Parisians. It was given to M. Lebrun by King Leopold on the occasion of the President's state visit to Belgium a few weeks ago

THE CZECHS UNDER REICH RULE

How they are Treating their German Masters Over Five Months After the Occupation

IT is exactly five months since Czechoslovakia lost her independence and became a Protectorate under the Reich. What the Czechs think about it is not easy to learn, as the newspapers are strictly controlled and personal expressions of opinion are unwise. But in the darkness and obscurity of the cinema some outlet of anti-German feeling has been shown. This has been so marked that stringent orders have been issued against its recurrence. The audience will be turned out with no return of money, the cinema will be closed for eight days, and if any of the demonstrators are known they are to be prosecuted. Also the pacific form of boycott has been used, notably with the trams at Brno, when for three days the people walked, thereby causing considerable loss to the tramway service. It had been a protest against the Germanisation of the town where the Czechs are in a majority.

Many German housewives find Czech market women unwilling to serve them, while the German shops are losing custom. A significant warning has now been given by the leader of the Prague Nazi party that reprisals will follow if this method is continued.

The outward life of the country seems much the same, but the Czechs show in quiet ways their undying love for their land by the way in which they honour the heroes of their past history. July 6 was given up to the annual holiday in commemoration of John Huss, who is not merely known as a religious reformer, but revered by all as a national hero who defended the rights of the people. His monument was again decorated with flowers as it had been on Hitler's birthday in April when the Czechs unobtrusively passed by, placing bunches of primroses, a quiet protest against the German celebrations.

The Protector, Baron von Neurath, has been credited with a real desire to make the loss of their independence as little galling to the Czechs as possible. Some observers have thought there was a chance in the early days of the Czechs being won over. They were so stunned, so stricken by their fate, and by the way in which they considered they had been deserted by their friends, that they were almost prepared to acquiesce if the Germans had been wise. But the Sudetens were so clamorous for their rights, so eager to retaliate for what they considered their sufferings under Czech rule since 1919 and with many personal enmities that they forced the German authorities into antagonising the Czechs. This was chiefly brought about by the placing of German officials in control of towns where Germans were in a minority, resulting in the crude renaming of streets and squares after Hitler and the Nazi leaders and the removing of national monuments into obscure corners.

The Jewish question, too, has greatly roused the Czechs. Plans had been brought forward by the Czech Government, still supposed to hold the reins of power, whereby the number of Jewish residents was to be reduced, and a gradual transfer of property was to be spread over a period of four years. To the general surprise of both people and government, the Protector issued a decree, defining a Jew, and virtually imposing all the strictness of the Nuremberg laws against Jews. All Jews had to report themselves, with a full account of their property. The Protector, under the decree, has powers to appoint trustees in the place of Jewish directors, which in effect puts the Reich in control of the greater part of Czech industry.

Education is being carefully watched by the Reich. Teachers have to be extremely careful in their instruction, lest they give a colouring to complaints that they are encouraging Czech independence—they are also to be placed in the uncomfortable position of being responsible for any anti-German demonstrations of their scholars. All the school books are to be revised.

Shortage of labour has become pronounced, the usual accompaniment of German rule, about 70,000 men having been sent into Germany.

The Reich authorities are doubtless aware that Bohemia, under the Protectorate, is an object lesson of great significance to the neighbouring countries. There was evidence, as shown in the choice of the Protector, Baron von Neurath, that ruthless methods were to be avoided, and the Czechs led gently into submission. But though it is all to their advantage to go slowly, an irresistible force appears to push the Nazi authorities into the complete Germanisation of any land they control. As the Czechs have been disarmed and their great guns sold, there is no active revolt to fear; only the resentful hostility of many millions of a once independent people.

B. H.

THE GUNS ARE OUT : Grouse Shooting Begins on Scottish Moors and Derbyshire Heights—Mixed Conditions Prevail

HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN: Members of Lord Whitburgh's party setting off on the ponies to a fresh line of butts during shooting over the moors in the Heriot district, where some comparatively good sport was enjoyed on the opening day of the season. South of the border, in Yorkshire, sportsmen have been less fortunate, for in quite a number of places the birds are far from plentiful and are distinctly backward in their growth

IN THE BUTTS ON ABNEY MOOR: Mr. H. C. B. Bowles is watched by his daughter as he takes aim at a high flyer on his Derbyshire estate where he has been entertaining a party. *On left*—Loading one of the pannier ponies during a shoot by the shores of Loch Vennacher. Both the King and the Duke of Gloucester were among those who went out on the twelfth

C

REAPING THE UPLAND

It is hard work for the horses reaping this upland field at Semer above the valley of the Brett in Suffolk. The harvest this year is one of record proportions but, such will be the glut, it is likely that many farmers will have to be content with a very small return for all their labour

BAT AGAINST BALL

To the foreigner and the exile alike nothing more truly epitomises summer in England than the village green, where on sunlit days bat meets ball as the Englishman indulges in his chosen sport. This picture was taken a few days ago at Wilmington, near Dartford, Kent, where the August sunshine has made play enjoyable after many weeks of disturbed weather

AUGUST *in* ENGLAND

WHEN THE COWS GO HOME: An August scene in the country round Newmarket during the second week of the month, when a spell of sunshine came to beautify the land

Special "Sphere" pictures

Below—**AMONG THE MEADOW SWEET:** Luxuriance by the headland of a Suffolk field. Mr. Went has caught with the camera quite a Corotesque composition of spraying branches and quivering wild flowers

A Swedish Treasure House

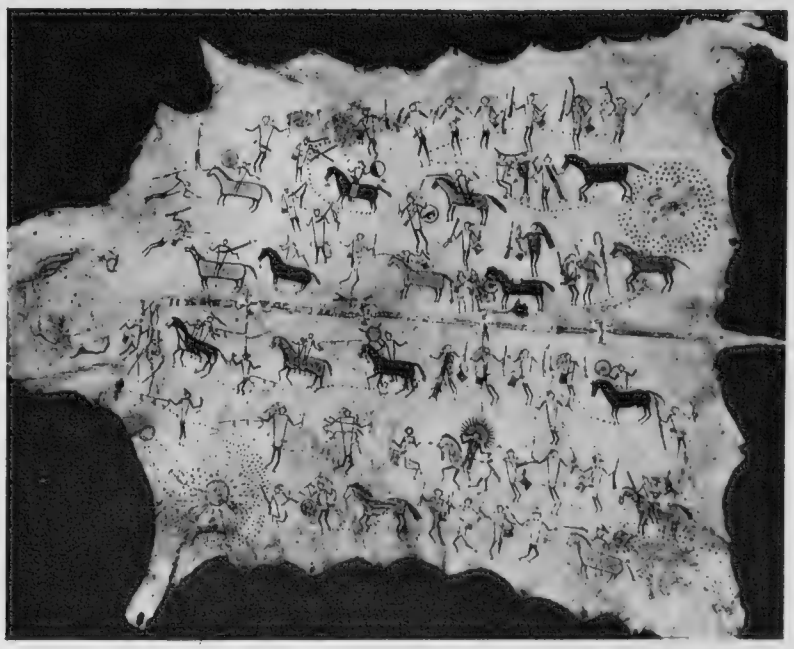
MUSEOLOGY

Red Indian Art in Paris

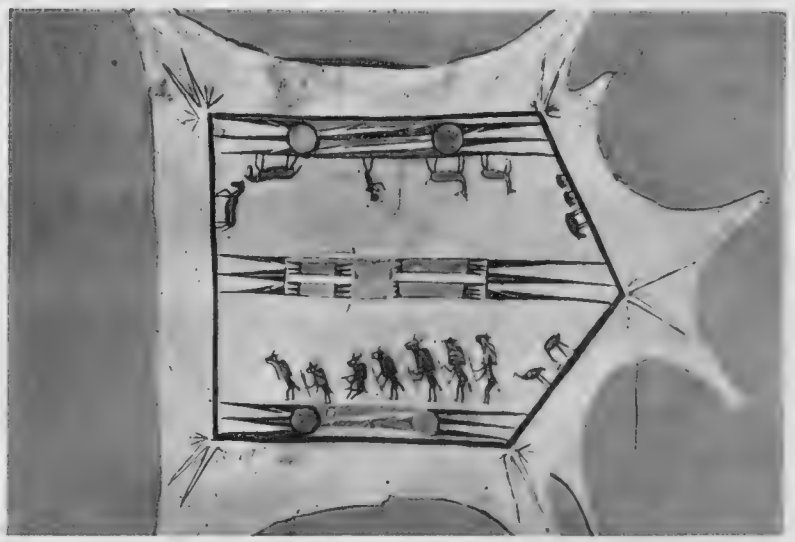
SWEDEN'S NEWEST MUSEUM: This modern building, with its spacious windows and severe simplicity, has been designed by M. Ragnar Ostberg, the famous architect of Stockholm Town Hall, to house some of the major works of Anders Zorn (1860–1920), the noted Swedish painter and etcher, in his home town of Mora

A CORNER OF ANDERS ZORN'S STOCKHOLM STUDIO as it has been reproduced in the new museum at Mora which has been planned to introduce to the art lover every phase of Zorn's life and work. Zorn painted landscapes and figure subjects with ultra modern boldness of technique and a keen eye for the essentials of form

ESSENCE OF MODERNITY: A passageway in the Zorn Museum at Mora showing how the pictures are set against a completely white background. On the right is the side of a log cabin typical of those that used to be built in the Province of Dalcarlia. The museum is not confined solely to the works of Zorn; some silver and tapestry work also to be seen there is of truly outstanding quality



EVERY GARMENT TELLS A STORY: This skin, which once adorned the figure of a warrior chieftain of the Sioux tribe, is one of the many fascinating exhibits in the newly-opened American section of the Musée de l'Homme in the Trocadéro, Paris. The various drawings outline the chieftain's exploits



DANCE OF THE BISONS: A skin in the American section of the Musée de l'Homme depicting a regular annual event in the lives of the North American Indians when they dressed up like animals in this fashion in order to attract the herds to their particular camp and so ensure adequate sustenance for the coming year

NOT AN ARYAN TYPE: A quaint figure surmounting a funerary urn unearthed in Colombia and now on view at the Trocadero. *On right*—A detail from the picture at the head of this column, showing a Sioux chieftain in his magnificent array of feathers

THE American section of the Musée de l'Homme, one of the four new museums in the immense Palais du Trocadéro, has just been opened to the public. The whole of native America is here represented, dating from the earliest traces of Pre-Colombian civilisation up till the present day with objects still used by the living Indians.

The science of museology has been so carefully studied and adapted in this American section that visitors are attracted not only on account of the interesting nature of the exhibits but also for the fascinating manner in which they are presented.

The outstanding feature of the North American section is the collection of painted bison skins, which are here seen to real advantage for the first time. Such unique eighteenth-century examples do not even exist in America. The majority of these painted skins were brought together before 1786 and served in the education of the Princes of

(Continued below on left)

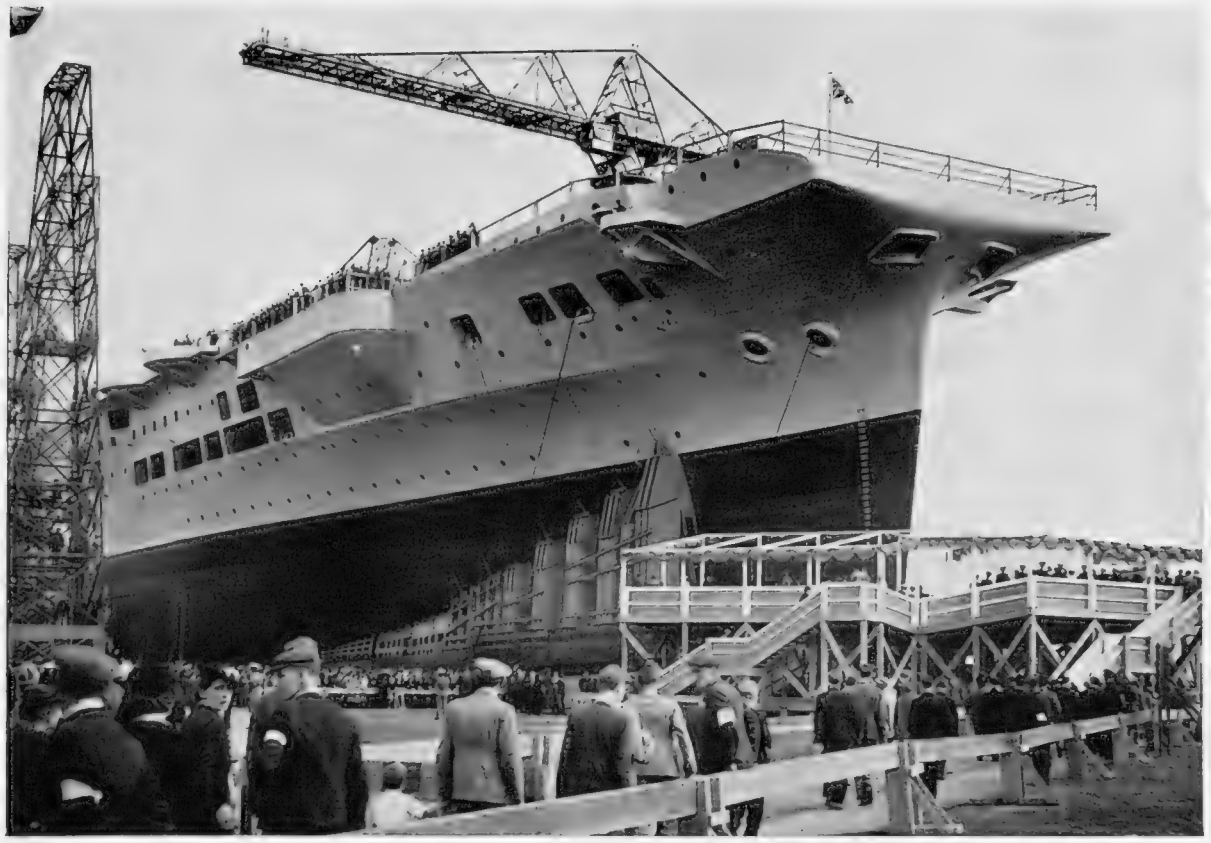
(Continued from above on right)

the Royal House of France. They are invaluable in the study of the civilisation of the Indians of the Plains. The paintings representing the biography of a great chieftain or of some particular event were the work of the men; those geometrically composed were frequently painted by women.

Alexander Watt

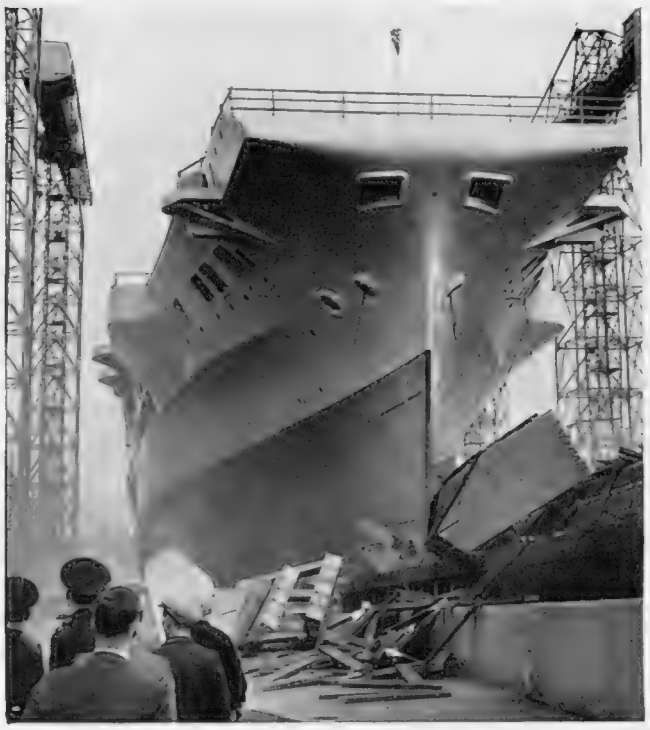
THE SHIP THAT LAUNCHED HERSELF

How the "Formidable" Took the Water



BEFORE THE MISHAP: This was the scene on the slipway at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's Belfast yard as the new aircraft-carrier *Formidable* was about to be launched by Lady Kingsley Wood, wife of the Secretary of State for Air. Before the official ceremony had begun, however, it was suddenly noted that the great vessel was starting to move. The cradle, instead of accompanying the ship, remained fast and then crumpled up with a loud cracking sound, the wood flying in all directions. As a result, one woman was killed and about twenty persons were injured, some severely

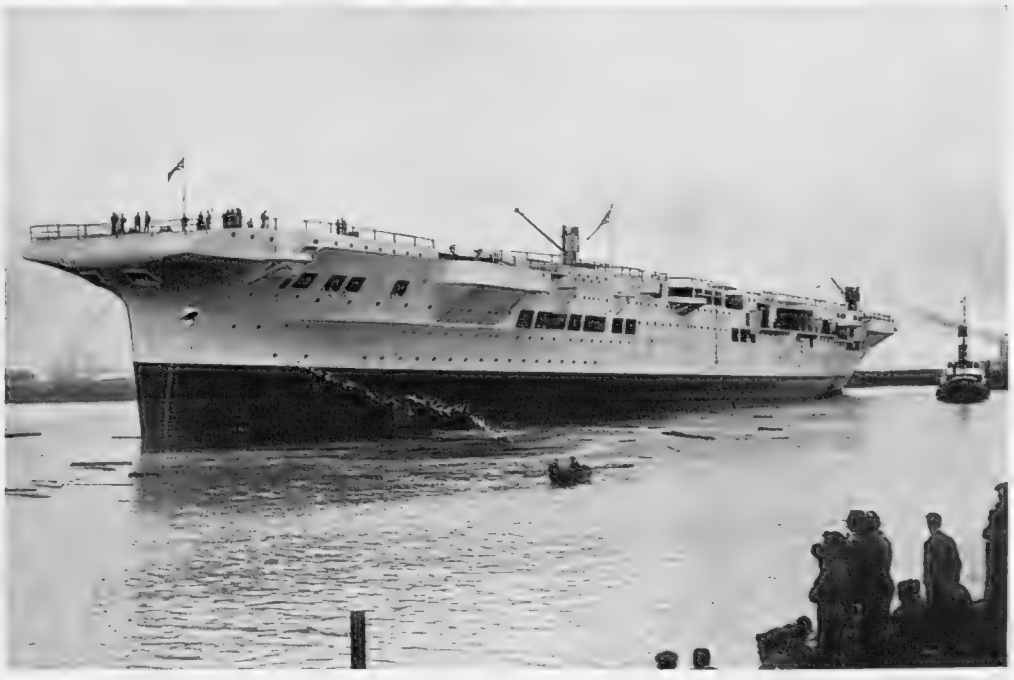
SIR KINGSLEY WOOD SHAKES HANDS WITH A BOY WORKER ON THE "FORMIDABLE" while Lady Wood looks on. When the vessel began to move before its appointed hour Lady Wood with great presence of mind, and just in time, broke the bottle of Empire wine against the receding bows



WITH PARTS OF THE BROKEN CRADLE SCATTERING IN HER WAKE the *Formidable* goes down the launching ways at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's Belfast yard: an incident that had unhappy consequences owing to the fatal injury to Mrs. Elizabeth Kirk

THE WRECKED CRADLE which the *Formidable* left behind her on the launching ways but should have carried into the water. At the time of writing, the cause of the mishap has not been officially stated, but the theory has been advanced that the ship, being without engines and equipment, was inclined to be top-heavy. In this event a sudden breeze might throw her off the balance essential for a perfect launch

FORTUNATELY THE TUGS WERE READY and when the *Formidable* sped into the water they immediately took charge of her and guided her into the basin where she will be fitted out for sea. The only precedent for the *Formidable* mishap



is the launching in 1898 of the battleship *Albion* at Blackwall. She ran down the slips at such speed that a huge wash was created which swept about 200 people off a gangway. Thirty-five persons lost their lives. The future King George V was present

SALVAGING THE WRECKED BRITISH AIRWAYS LINER: The ill-fated machine being hauled to the surface at the point between the Danish islands of Zealand and Falster where it fell in flames, taking to their deaths five passengers, including Mr. A. C. Crossley, M.P. Only the pilot, Mr. Clifford Wright, was saved. He succeeded in smashing the window of his cabin and in catching hold of a lifebelt thrown by a painter working on the nearby Storstroem Bridge. A short circuit in the wireless plant was put forward as a likely cause of the disaster. On the day following three British technicians arrived on the spot to make an investigation

HAULED FROM THE WATER NOSE FIRST: The ill-fated British Airways machine being brought to the surface following the disaster near the Storstroem Bridge, Denmark. British Airways have lost three air-liners in one week, so to supplement their fleet they have purchased a Lockheed 14 machine

TO BRIDGE THE TASMAN: The 24-ton flying boat *Aotearoa* being prepared at Southampton for her 14,000-mile delivery flight to Auckland, New Zealand. In conjunction with her sister craft she is to operate on the regular mail and passenger-carrying service between Auckland and Sydney

FIRE RISKS IN THE AIR

Aeroplanes are Definitely not Suitable Craft in which to Smoke

BRITISH AIRWAYS has had the misfortune of having two of its air-liners destroyed by fire in the air within a week of one another. Only the second of these accidents involved loss of life; but the idea of being in an aeroplane which catches fire in the air is so horrible that accidents in which fire is involved strike in us a chord of especial sympathy for the victims. Moreover, the spectacular horror of them tends to distort one's judgment of the safety of flying, so that it is not out of place to be reminded of the safety record of this individual company and air line flying in general.

British Airways was formed four years ago. Its services, swift and regular, sweep over northern Europe every day of the week all the year round. They penetrate as far north as Stockholm and as far south as Budapest. In the company's four years of life over 91,000 passengers have been carried in perfect safety. No traveller on the company's planes had ever been seriously injured until the sad accident last week.

In America, statistics show that you can fly 12,000,000 miles before you are "due" to be involved in a fatal accident (in which you yourself do not necessarily lose your life). Over here the figure is about the same, but I have not the latest returns to hand. Measured in other terms, this means that the average man can fly four hours a day every day for fifty-seven years before he need expect an accident. From this the vast amount of completely safe flying can be realised, flying that never finds its way into the papers, with the resultant distortion in the public's mind of safety values in the air.

The fact that an aeroplane has to carry a large quantity of highly combustible fuel makes it a naturally potential prey to fire. But the aeroplane is so designed that the fuel tanks are kept as far away as possible from any source of combustion. Further, all furniture fittings in the cabin are made of fireproof materials.

Most modern aircraft have fire extinguishers whose nozzles are fitted close to the engines so that the pilot can spray his engine with chemical if it should catch fire. Commander Prowse, the pilot of the first of British Airways accidents, was able to extinguish the fire around the engine that had been burning, but it broke out again when the chemical was exhausted.

The late Sir Henry Deterding used to affirm that one should never smoke in an aeroplane for fear of there being a localised volume of air in which there was just enough fuel vapour to cause an explosion. The risk, he said, was minute—but it was there. But some companies do allow smoking in their aircraft in which there are compartments specially built for the purpose. On the London-Paris machines no smoking is allowed.

A much more likely cause of fire in the air is through lightning or through the aircraft building up in itself a charge of static electricity which may be released when it passes through an area of different potential. Science has devised a number of methods designed to avoid this danger which is, in fact, no longer a danger. But it cannot be said that the problems of static electricity in the air are completely mastered.

Until fairly recently aircraft used to trail a short length of chain which automatically earthed the machine as soon as it touched ground. If it was not earthed and a passenger stepped out of the machine, he might be electrocuted when he had one foot in the plane and the other on the ground. But all modern tyres are now designed to incorporate the function of the chain. Although they are made of rubber, they are treated so that they are conductors of electricity, and the aircraft is earthed as soon as the wheels touch down.

A new fire-extinguishing equipment which acts automatically in emergencies has recently been ordered by the Air Ministry in quantity. It is known as the Graviner system and it is to be fitted in future as standard to all R.A.F. machines. No doubt civil aircraft will be equipped with it, too, in due course.

Four different kinds of switches operate so as to flood the engine and fuselage with the chemical, methyl bromide, which is stored in small bottles under pressure. Two of these switches consist of pendulums held vertical by a spring in one case, and governed by gravity in the other. The first operates in the event of a crash, the violent jolt swinging the pendulum out of the vertical to make the switch. The second provides for the machine turning over on its back in the event of a forced landing.

The third switch is fitted in duplicate close to each engine. It operates within a few seconds of a flame reaching it or if the temperature should reach a dangerously high level. The fourth is provided so that should a pilot regard a crash as being inevitable he can himself flood the engine with chemical and thus reduce the risk of fire.

The device is particularly efficacious because methyl bromide not only extinguishes fire, but, by cooling the hot engine parts below ignition point, can prevent escaping petrol from catching alight.

Nigel Tangye

A.R. PICTURES

PROTECTORS OF THAMES-SIDE: Members of Greenwich Auxiliary Fire Service using one of their giant hoses during training. This particular unit would have heavy responsibilities in time of war, being called upon to look after several miles of river-front crowded with factories and wharves

BENEATH BRITAIN'S SAFEST TOWN: Part of the labyrinth of tunnels dug in the chalk cliffs at Ramsgate where there is emergency accommodation for the entire population

SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF THE FLAT-DWELLER: A partially-constructed air raid shelter outside one of the big blocks of flats on the London County Council's Honor Oak estate. The shelter is being tiled within and will hold exactly 100 people. When finished it will be covered with turf and will be practically unnoticeable on the surface

LEADING TO RAMSGATE'S LABYRINTH OF TUNNELS: This is the Queen's Street entrance to the vast system of shelters which has been excavated in the chalk cliffs. The whole scheme has been worked out with such completeness that, as a final touch, an emergency hospital is being added

INSTITUTIONS PROTECT THEMSELVES: *Above*—A.R.P. units of Westminster Bank staff lined up at the bank's headquarters in Lothbury for an inspection by the Hon. Rupert Beckett, J.P., their chairman. *Right*—The walls of the Victoria Hospital, Barnet, have been painted buff and green in order to harmonise with the surrounding country. As the hospital is situated upon a hill this camouflage is essential. In ordinary colours the place is decidedly conspicuous

DOCTORS COMMONS TO-DAY: A sketch by Dennis Flanders showing the mass of debris at the junction of Knightrider Street and Godliman Street, near St. Paul's, where a whole block of historic buildings collapsed earlier this month as a result of a tremendous gas explosion. In "The Sphere" of August 12 readers will remember seeing a drawing by the same artist and from the same angle showing the block before the collapse. This drawing was made last week; the fallen debris remains in great masses awaiting an inquiry

Drawings by Dennis Flanders

£75! . . . FOR QUICK SALE: This was the price asked when Lutton Growts Mill, near Long Sutton, was recently put on the market, and seeing that it is in perfect condition it is possible that this bargain basement offer has already been snapped up. The Boston Preservation Society is interested in the mill and is anxious to see that it continues intact. It was built in 1779

THE BIRTH OF JOHANNESBURG

Provides Francis Brett Young with Fine Material for His Latest Novel

THE birth of Johannesburg: "Gold before bricks, wealth before food, thus was the City of Gold born. Reared upon the greed of gamblers, it grew mighty overnight, an extravagant growth, foreign to the people and land around it." Thus does the blurb let itself go on the subject of Mr. Francis Brett Young's new novel, **THE CITY OF GOLD** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.). What a story for a novelist who can revel in colour and action, in adventure, in the lust of living, of men inspired by greed, of the raw, tough life of gold rushes.

But Mr. Francis Brett Young brings his own peculiar gifts to the telling of this tale. He is anything but a rumbustious writer. If he deals in battles, murders, and sudden death, he does so quietly and in the pattern of his larger canvas, for his gifts are contemplative and reflective rather than onomatopœic to the exigencies of his story. That a novelist can take such a theme, and take it as quietly but thoroughly as he does in *The City of Gold* and at the same time give the reader a sense of having lived through the heart of these events in the very beings of the characters he has created for their portrayal, is a sign of strength.

Herein lies the secret of Mr. Francis Brett Young's unqualified success, and possibly unique position among contemporary writers. He never falls into the error of writing up excitement for the sake of excitement. It is always properly subservient to the unfolding of his story, and credible within the living creation of his characters.

The City of Gold carries on the story of *They Seek a Country*. In this book we meet the sons of John Grafton, that same John Grafton who, after so many hardships, joined the Great Trek. There is Adrian, with his Boer mother's blood running strong in his veins, a determined supporter of Oom Paul Kruger. There is Piet, in whom the English strain is strongest: Piet, who loves peace and compromise, who marries an English settler's daughter, lives in Cape Town, and became orientated with friends of the great Cecil Rhodes.

The other brother Janse turns out to be an adventurer and an opportunist. He falls in with a queer and compelling character: a Peruvian Jew from Poland, who had arrived in South Africa by way of Whitechapel. Their adventures are picturesque and full of flavour; and it is of course inevitable that they realise the goal of their ambitions in the fantastic birth of the city of Johannesburg.

Hundreds of scenes and scores of characters crowd into Mr. Brett Young's story of the beginnings of the city. Fortunes are made and lost overnight; the battle is to the strong and unscrupulous; every man is against his neighbour; and over it all broods the sullen hatred of the Boer farmers under the fanatical, but crafty, leadership of Paul Kruger. The storm clouds of war are gathering; we meet Jameson, and, through the eyes of Piet's son, who rides beside him, we enjoy a fine writer's description of that famous raid.

One might say that this is the most ambitious of all Mr. Brett Young's novels, in the sense that it is on a larger scale than anything he has done before. One may say also that it is magnificently done; and, to one reader at least, it is infinitely more worth while than those slabs of American history dished up in epic form which seem to be the current popular taste.

The WORLD OF BOOKS *Reviewed By* VERNON FANE

When Lady Eleanor Smith called her book of reminiscences, **LIFE'S A CIRCUS** (Longmans. 12s. 6d.), she was obviously pursuing her favourite line of thought rather than concentrating on an effective title. Even the most frivolous of us would find it hard to agree in this day and age with Lady Eleanor's premise, but we can at least admire her single-heartedness and the sincerity that made her write (of her first meeting with gipsies as a child): "I remember telling them that always, no matter what happened, wherever I found myself, I would always take the part of the Romani against the *gajo*." And she adds, "I have incidentally tried to keep that promise."

As one of the three children of the late Lord Birkenhead, Lady Eleanor's life might have been tailored to a conventional pattern of London nurseries, country holidays, and brief exciting visits to the magnificence of Blenheim Palace at Christmas. But her early passion for gipsies and the, to me inexplicable, attraction that their ways of life had for her, changed that pattern and, if it made her schooldays a little tumultuous, kept her from conforming to the rather arid debutante type.

After a brief and not very happy first attempt at journalism, Lady Eleanor considered the merits of a circus life. She had been interested in the circus for a long time, and though her personal ambitions never exceeded the job of deputising in a mounted *carrousel*, her friends came more and more from the circus world. As might be expected, they included Bertram Mills, "the only carriage-maker in the world who ever thought of entering the circus business." On her last trip to Spain, before the civil war, Lady Eleanor was commissioned by him to buy eight spotted mules for the next show, and had great difficulty in dealing with a gentleman in Seville who owned *six* spotted mules and would arrive almost daily at her house to argue their case, excelling himself on the last day of her visit by arriving with their almost life-size photographs.

The first novel that Lady Eleanor wrote was, to her own surprise, a great success, and dealt with the vicissitudes of a circus proprietor. Since then she has written five or six—all with the gipsy, circus, or Spanish background—and has arrived at the stage when, by modern, impatient standards, an author is expected to write his memoirs, a plan which has the supreme advantage of leaving room and time for a sequel. Perhaps the best chapter of the present reminiscences is the one devoted to her father. I wish there could have been more of him in the book, but I suppose that writing about one's parents is not the first purpose of an autobiography.

Yet when she writes about Lord Birkenhead she is at her best. "I often think that my father was born out of the century to which, by character, he should have belonged—the late eighteenth century. . . . His tastes were the robust ones of this time; he loved horses, hunting, and gambling; he was prepared to bet on anything—an impromptu steeplechase, a throw of dice, a cut of the cards. . . . He loved ostentation, and he could never keep money. . . . He would put across the Channel in a storm, and miraculously arrive, to saunter into Deauville Casino, where he would sit all night at the big baccarat table. The next morning he would depart as mysteriously as he had arrived, and that afternoon be seated, inscrutable and stern, upon the Woolsack."

"He loved feminine society, but he detested feminists. . . . He was recklessly courageous. . . . His charm was never more apparent than when he was talking to his children's friends, and if he was worshipped by them as a hero, he was no less appreciated as a friend to whom they might take their troubles."

And finally, one little trait of his, which struck me, perhaps unreasonably, as really comic.

"My father had a curious kink, for one so extravagant. He really hated sending one of his cars even two miles to the station. The same applied to his horses, which were always over-fed and under-exercised. But the dislike of using his cars became a mania, and he was quite capable of sending, as the lesser evil, two horses to the station, where, as often as not, they met some unfortunate person who had not ridden for years, and who was in any case scarcely dressed for hacking. 'I tell you,' he would say furiously, 'I won't have my cars sent trapesing all over the country . . .'."

I wish again that we could have had more of him, and more, too, of the author's honest reactions to her first gipsy friends. We accept that she loved them as a child, and that later on she could count many of them her friends. But how were these friends made, what was her approach to them, and what was their first reaction to her? They are *farouche* creatures and not readily susceptible. It would have been enormously interesting to have known what key she found.

Mr. Joyce Cary's new novel is excellent in every respect but one; it is told throughout in the present tense and that, from lack of use I suppose, has become an extraordinarily difficult style to assimilate. It may be a *tour-de-force* for an author to write a dramatically successful story in this manner, but from the reader's point of view it is an obstacle that has to be surmounted by slow and irritating effort. In Mr. Cary's case there is indeed a good story and so he gets away with it. But wouldn't the story have been as well conceived, as brilliantly executed if it had been told in a more manageable tense?

Annoying as all that is, however, it does not eventually stop your enjoying **MISTER JOHNSON** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), it merely delays the enjoyment, to my mind unnecessarily.

The story is of a lonely Nigerian station with a little trade and the chance of a little "development" through that, and through the opening of a still unbuilt road into the interior. The English

(Continued on page 334)

FOR THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE

WHERE TIME GLIDES SWIFTLY: Miss M. Roffey, who has been engaged by the Chislehurst-Sidcup Council, Kent, to teach children games and pastimes during the long, summer holidays, when the youngsters do not always know how to occupy themselves, pictured with her class at Marlborough Park, Sidcup. The scheme is known as "Play Leadership," and parents are already speaking most appreciatively of the way it is working. Next summer it will probably be extended considerably

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ORDER: For 104 years out-patients at University College Hospital, Gower Street, have had to sit on hard, narrow benches in the out-patients department, possessing themselves in patience until their turn arrives. Now all that is over, patients being allowed to make appointments for a definite hour. *Above*—Hospital assistants booking down appointments over the telephone and (*below*) a woman arranging the time for her next visit before leaving the building

WEARY VIGIL: Out-patients awaiting treatment at University College Hospital. *Above*—A picture taken last month before the big change-over and (*below*) a drawing made in 1872. At both periods conditions were much the same, the patients never knowing when they would get away; but now all is well and many of the people who go regularly to the hospital in order to receive treatment may be saved as much as six hours a week in "bench time"

HISTORY WITH A SHAVIAN TWIST: Two impressions of Ernest Thesiger and Irene Vanbrugh as Charles II and his Consort, Catharine of Braganza, in Bernard Shaw's latest play, *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*, which has aroused considerable enthusiasm at the Malvern Festival. In common with the now established view, as presented by historian Arthur Bryant, Shaw depicts Charles as a man of undoubted good sense with a gift for adroit rulership

ARTIST AND MONARCH: Anthony Bushell as Godfrey Kneller, the great portraitist, and Ernest Thesiger as Charles II in another scene from *In Good King Charles's Golden Days* at Malvern

STRUGGLE FOR POSSESSION: King Charles (Ernest Thesiger) looks on with a cynical smile as Nell Gwynn (Eileen Beldon), the bouncing, ever-cheerful blonde, parries the bitter thrusts of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland (Daphne Heard)

THE CHOICE: Caroline Hamilton (Sylvia Coleridge) refuses the proffered ring, telling Captain Slocombe (Antony Crane) that she has decided to stay by her father's side and help run the family business. An episode from *Big Ben*—the chronicle play at Malvern

NOTABILITIES ON THE TERRACE AT MALVERN: Actor and producer Malcolm Morley, actress Eileen Beldon, who plays the part of Nell Gwynn in the Shaw play, and James Bridie, author of *What They Say*, pictured together at tea. Mr. Bridie's play really constitutes a powerful attack on Puritanical smugness which, the author indicates, should undoubtedly be driven out of existence by the power of ridicule

SHAW AT HIS WITTIEST and WORDIEST:

Some Further Impressions of the Malvern Festival, 1939

ON the analogy that it is better for a play to have a strong last act and a weak first act than vice versa, the opening week of the Malvern Festival was up to a point wisely constituted. But only up to a point. For although the plays happened to get better as the weather improved and we left blazing sunshine on that Saturday afternoon for Mr. Bernard Shaw's latest effort, the memory of those three earlier ordeals required a deuce of a lot of banishing, and I cannot say that the two much better plays which followed them or even Mr. Shaw's brilliant contribution (which is not a play at all) really performed that difficult job.

In Good King Charles's Golden Days is Shavian history and has nothing to do with the Vicar of Bray, though there is among its characters a much less accommodating upholder of Christianity in the person of George Fox, the Quaker. The "good king" is, of course, Charles II, and this is the first time I have seen him represented on the stage as the good—i.e., the very able and sensible—king he unquestionably was. Theatrical convention and the demand that the "Merry Monarch" should be merry and nothing else have shown us a Charles who fondled his pet dogs and his mistresses and said such witty things as the dramatist who had taken him in hand for the moment could think of (not up to much as wit, in most cases), but who never really came to life at all and certainly did not resemble the historical Charles except superficially. Shavian history is not real history and it is not always accurate (although when it is inaccurate Mr. Shaw has made it so deliberately and always has the decency and good sense to tell us in a preface and to explain why).

The Shavian Charles is not, in all probability (for there has to be much guess-work all round), the same person as the real Charles. But one feels all along that it is precious near to him—certainly much nearer than the genial cipher who picturesquely pops his royal head into such plays as *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*. Besides, the author did not, I think, wish to give us a history lesson at all, or even a play in the accepted sense of the word. He wanted to use Charles as a peg on which to hang some brilliant remarks of his own about seventeenth-century politics in England and the difficulties of kingship at the time, particularly the difficulty Charles must have had in keeping his crown on his head and his head on his shoulders.

The result is wholly entertaining, even the last act, which consists of nothing more than a long chat between the King and Catharine of Braganza in the latter's boudoir in their house at Newmarket. Before then the chat and the arguments had been split up between Isaac Newton, Fox, Kneller, the painter, James, Duke of York (later James II), three of the royal mistresses, including Nell Gwynn, and, of course, the King himself. Except for a few farcical incidents, of which Mr. Shaw is rather fond, though I venture to think he is never very happy with them, the play is without dramatic action of any kind, which is why I have said that it is not a play at all.

Since it is more interesting, more amusing and also more profound than a dozen of the average real plays I see all wrapped up in one, we need not worry about that. As to what these famous folk argued about, let Mr. Shaw explain for himself. For, as usual, he provides one of his inimitable prefaces, in this case labelled an Apology (with a big, big A) and included in the Book of the Festival, which is what Mr. Frank Sullivan's cliché experts would call "a neat and informative brochure."

"When we turn from the sordid facts of Charles's reign, and from his Solomonic polygamy, to what might have happened to him but did not, the situation becomes interesting and fresh. For instance, Charles might have met that human prodigy Isaac Newton. And Newton might have met that prodigy of another sort, George Fox, the founder of the morally mighty Society of Friends, vulgarly called the Quakers. Better again, all three might have met. Now anyone who considers a 150th edition of *Sweet Nell of Old Drury* more attractive than Isaac Newton had better avoid my plays: they are not meant for such. And anyone who is more interested in Lady Castlemaine's hips than in Fox's foundation of the great Cult of Friendship should keep away from theatres and frequent worse places. Still, though the interest of my play lies mainly in the clash of Charles, George, and Isaac, there is some fun in the clash between all three and Nelly, Castlemaine, and the Frenchwoman Louise de Kerouialle, whom we called Madame Carwell. So I bring them all on the stage to relieve the intellectual tension.

"But there is another clash which is of enormous importance in view of the hold that professional science has gained on popular credulity since the middle of the nineteenth century. I mean the eternal clash between the artist and the physicist. I have therefore invented a collision between Newton and a personage whom I should like to have called Hogarth; for it was Hogarth who said 'the line of beauty is a curve' and Newton whose dogma it was that the universe is in principle rectilinear. But Hogarth could not by any magic be fitted into the year 1680, my chosen date; so I had to fall back on Godfrey Kneller. Kneller certainly had not Hogarth's brains; but I have had to endow him with them to provide Newton with an antagonist. In point of date Kneller just fitted in. . . .

By PHILIP PAGE

"For the flash of prevision in which Newton forsees Einstein's curvilinear universe I make no apology. Newton's first law of motion is pure dogma. So is Hogarth's first law of design. The modern astronomers have proved, so far, that Hogarth was right and Newton wrong. But as the march of science during my long lifetime has played skittles with all the theories in turn I dare not say how the case will stand by the time this play of mine reaches its thousandth performance—if it ever does."

Those innumerable folk who may consider the above remarks and the "play" which embodies them as highbrow, and therefore dull, can go to H—ippodromes.

It only remains for me to add that Mr. Ernest Thesiger is so admirable an actor that although he would have been one of the last persons I would have thought of to play Charles he could not fail to hold everyone's attention, even if at the first performance his memory failed him occasionally; it is a whale of a part. Mr. Alexander Knox was deliberately unsympathetic as the logical, plucky, but far from lovable Duke of York, who was to make such a mess of things as that not very merry monarch, James II. The fanatical George Fox of Mr. Herbert Lomas was a fine piece of work. Miss Yvonne Arnaud put the requisite Yvonne-ish touch to the French Louise de Kerouialle; Mr. Anthony Bushell was mighty handsome as Kneller, and Mr. Cecil Trouncer mighty sonorous as Newton. Was Nell Gwynn quite such a hoyden as Miss Eileen Beldon made her? Well, perhaps.

"Big Ben."—Unlike its three predecessors at the Festival (and unlike *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*, for that matter) *Big Ben*, by Evadne Price and Ruby Miller, is uncommonly "good theatre." It does not seem to carry any sort of message, but it has an effective human story and some telling situations; it is well constructed (except that it is at present far too long) and it is well written. I am not given to theatrical or any other sort of prophecies, but should it be seen in London, as I imagine it will, it should have a good chance of a success of the *Milestones* and *Dear Octopus* calibre, not solely because it has the flavour of both of those plays but because it can stand on its own as a sound piece of work with all the elements of popularity about it.

Since nearly an hour of it should be deleted—that first performance lasted from 2.30 p.m. until well past 6 p.m.—I would suggest that a scene in which a Gaiety actress of the '80's is shown posing in the nearly altogether should be cut out, lock, stock and barrel, not that there was any lock or stock about it, though there was a touch of the barrel.

From 1858 to 1939 we see unfolded the history of a family who live in Carlton House Terrace, and because Big Ben is from their windows on the south side both audible and visible, call most of the many children they produce throughout the generations either Benjamin or, if female, Benjamina. Miss Rosemary Scott, a brilliant young actress who has been one of the personal successes of the Festival, is a Benjamina, and a very nice one, too. The family also produce a lot of ships, and the adventures of these ships, from quite modest affairs to monster transatlantic liners, provide most of the drama, as well as, presumably, the rent and housekeeping money for that large mansion.

Miss Sylvia Coleridge has the best part—that of a tough but not unlovable spinster of the family, who has the business brains of a man and keeps that shipping-line going through thick and thin, particularly through thin. A fine performance. Mr. Herbert Lomas, the head of the family, is shown as an elderly man in 1858, and lasted through the play pretty vigorously until 1914, when he providentially had a stroke. This saved us from seeing a stage centenarian, though I would sooner see Mr. Lomas play a centenarian than almost any other actor. Mr. Jack Raine was most amusing as (in appearance) a Lloyd Georgish sort of Benjamin. And it was interesting to those of us with stage memories to see Mr. Ernest Thesiger in a play partly written by Miss Ruby Miller. This clever pair drew war-time audiences by the tens of thousand for years to the little

(*Continued on page* 334)

"PRAY DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT THE WEATHER, MR. WORTHING. WHENEVER PEOPLE TALK TO ME ABOUT THE WEATHER, I ALWAYS FEEL QUITE CERTAIN THAT THEY MEAN SOMETHING ELSE, AND THAT MAKES ME SO NERVOUS": Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as the Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax and John Gielgud as John Worthing in Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which has been revived with notable success at the Globe Theatre for a limited run of six weeks

BECAUSE THEIR NAMES ARE NOT ERNEST John Worthing (John Gielgud) and Algernon Moncrieff (Jack Hawkins) have both been turned down by the girls they love, so they seek consolation in mutual recrimination and a dish of muffins. Another scene from Oscar Wilde's "trivial comedy for serious people," which has already stood the test of many revivals and still retains its early popularity

MALVERN CAMEO: Author Algernon Blackwood, creator of imaginative and weirdly fanciful fiction, pictured at the Festival Theatre with Henry Ainley's two daughters and (left) Diana, daughter of Sir Francis Humphreys

LADY BRACKNELL MELTS A LITTLE on hearing that Cecily Cardew, John Worthing's charming ward, has wealth as well as brains. Peggy Ashcroft and Edith Evans in one of their witty dialogues in *The Importance of Being Earnest*

LOOK OUT FOR

● **Hips.**—They are stressed more than anything else in the new autumn collections. By day they are lightly draped or accented with crossway tucks. At night the material is dragged to the back, where the fullness is released. Bustles are definitely in. So is a very low hipline, the whole body closely sheathed to the middle of the thighs with the skirt looped up beneath skin-tight jackets.

● **Empire** dresses, first launched by Molyneux in the spring, are growing in popularity. Their simplicity is striking among the welter of elaborate draperies, and they are made in sumptuous fabrics. Shaded ostrich feather boas are worn with them.

● **Tiers** also have been creeping into the fashion picture since the spring, and are now well established. Chanel does skirts composed of five or six tiers, sometimes edged with stiffened lace. She also does velvet or lace tunics over tremendously full tulle skirts banded with velvet. Robert Piguet uses fine lace for the two dresses on the right.

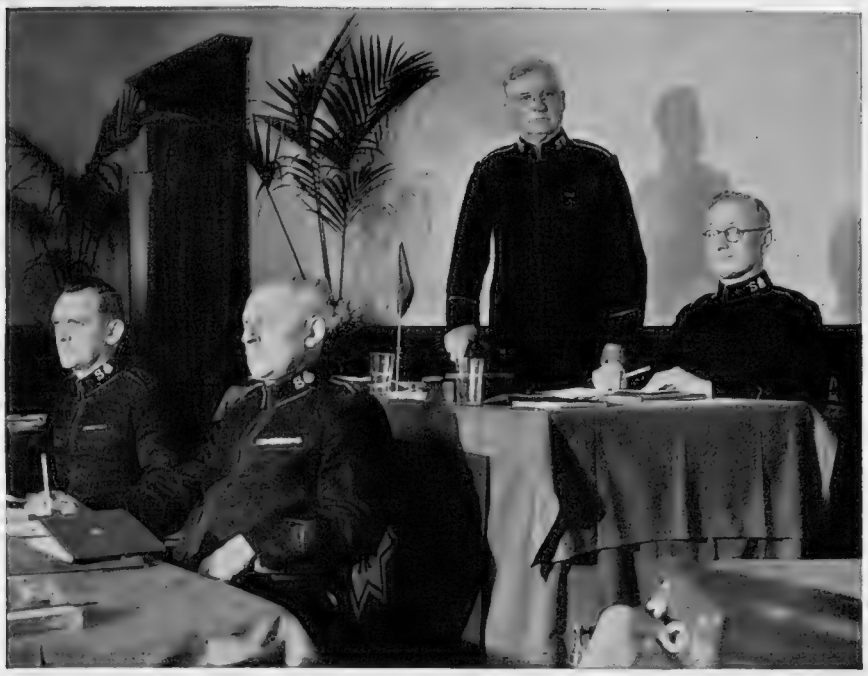
● **Hobbles** appear in increasing numbers. Lanvin makes them absolutely straight and slits them to the knee, counterbalancing their simplicity by exquisite embroideries, as she has in the dress pictured on the left. This is of black crepe with blue and silver beads.

● **Boleros** are as popular as ever. Many of them are heavily sewn with silver cord, with bobble braid, and with a combination of fringe and sequins. They are short, straight, and rather loose, with curved fronts.

● **Embroideries** are tremendously important. Not only in beads, sequins, and braids, but in the form of intricate lace-like cut-outs. Even day coats are trimmed with elaborate bands of velvet or, more richly, with strips of fur.

● **Lamé** appears again after being totally eclipsed during the summer. Rosevienne uses it for blouses like the one on the right, which is of gold, worn with a suit of soft black broadcloth, with boleroembroidered with fringe and gold lamé.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH



ELECTING A SUCCESSOR TO GENERAL EVA BOOTH: A scene at the Congress Hall, Clapton, where the High Council of the Salvation Army, composed of fifty-five members from all over the world, is meeting to elect a successor to General Evangeline Booth. Standing at the back is the president, Commander Parker

SUNSHINE SMILES: The cheerful effect of the summer weather is plainly evident in this happy picture of four holidaymakers who are spending their leisure hours in the sunshine at North Berwick, the popular seaside resort of the Scottish lowlands, famous for its bathing pools and golf links

A STUDY OF MODERN EFFICIENCY: One of the river emergency nurses in the new uniform seen at the rehearsal of the Thames Ambulance Service of the Port of London Authority attended by Mr. Walter Elliot on Friday of last week

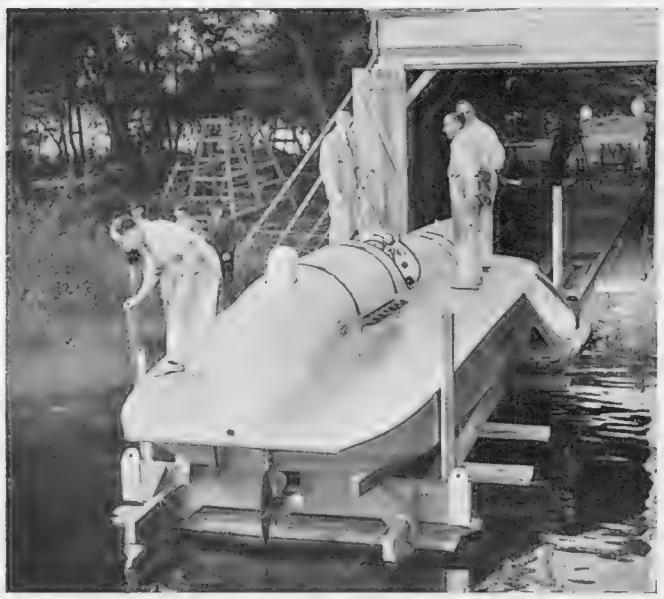
PRESENTATION: A silver rose-bowl presented to Lady Patricia Ramsay at Bagshot Park on behalf of the past and present officers of her regiment, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of its formation

FORTUNE'S WHEEL: Madame Mannheimer (left), widow of M. Fritz Mannheimer, senior partner of the Dutch banking firm of Mendelssohn and Co., which stopped payments at his death, cannot share in her husband's £10,000,000 fortune which goes to his creditors

ALFRESCO LUNCH: Small children lunching at Corams Fields, Guilford Street, W.C., the largest outdoor children's centre, where a new venture in the shape of a 3d. cold lunch for children, in addition to the already established and extremely popular 4d. hot lunch, has been introduced. An abundant supply of milk is served with the food

THE "POWER" OF ATTRACTION: Scenes seldom witnessed outside a London cinema were enacted recently when Tyrone Power, the film star, made a personal visit to the Tivoli, London. Crowds so dense swarmed around him that the police had the hardest of jobs to escort him to the theatre

THE "BLUEBIRD" AT SPEED: A picture taken last Saturday as Sir Malcolm Campbell broke the world's speed record on water at an average of 141·74 m.p.h. in two runs on Lake Coniston



AS GRACEFUL ASHORE AS AFLOAT: A view of the streamlined hull of *Bluebird II* as the mechanics gently lowered her into the water on a special cradle for a trial spin

A MAN-POWER FERRY: Everybody lends a hand at Grove Ferry, near Canterbury, Kent. Cars are charged for at 3d. per wheel—not including the spare—but pedestrians, it seems, are expected to help

SAVING FIFTY-FIVE MILES: The Beachley-Aust Ferry arriving at Beachley with a load of cars. This means a considerable saving of time and distance to motorists wishing to cross the Severn

The Petrol World

ROAD SIGNS THAT IRRITATE

If Local Councils Improved the Safety of Cross-roads in their Areas, Less Bad Feeling and Fewer Prosecutions Would be the Result

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

IN the interests of safety, various road authorities have constructed roundabouts, erected traffic signals or "Halt" signs at dangerous cross-roads. All of these measures quite definitely reduce the risk of serious accidents occurring, but so long as they remain they should be looked upon as a reproach to the authorities concerned for not having altered the layout of the crossings so that they can be negotiated by road users coming in all directions at an average speed without undue risk of danger. The roundabouts effectively slow up traffic and are usually found on by-pass roads, thereby reducing the average speed of all fast cars using those specially constructed highways which were intended to speed up traffic. We do not usually complain about them because they definitely reduce the number of accidents that would otherwise occur but they are completely out of place on what should be a safe speedy road.

In other countries where similar conditions exist, specially constructed fly-overs would deal with the through and cross traffic. As a matter of fact, the average roundabout is quite effective so long as it is left to look after itself, but I regret to say that in the Metropolitan districts at week-ends and on Bank Holidays, mobile police who could find plenty of useful work elsewhere, take it upon themselves to control the traffic negotiating some of these roundabouts. The result is hold-ups which are quite unnecessary and which annoy users of the highway. I will grant that there are sometimes occasions when the volume of traffic is so abnormal that a little kindly assistance from the police does make these roundabouts function more efficiently but such occasions are much rarer than the police imagine.

I now come to the "Halt" sign, which I regret to say is the cause of much irritation to road users. Frequently I come across these signs and if I stop on the line painted on the road I am unable to see the traffic that is likely to collide with me if I go ahead. The obvious and safe course to adopt is to move a little more forward, but so many authorities look upon a "Halt" sign as a source of revenue that this safe course is frequently an expensive one to adopt. These "Halt" signs should definitely be regarded as very temporary measures, and reconstruction of the road junction should be the immediate aim of the authorities concerned. In this connection I have received a very interesting communication from the Royal Automobile Club.

The Podimore cross-roads, situated in Somersetshire, are protected by "Halt" signs which for a time was probably quite a wise measure, but the number of prosecutions which have resulted has become a matter of very grave concern to the R.A.C. In October last the Ministry of Transport told the Somerset County Council that these "Halt" signs could only be considered as a temporary measure pending the execution of a major improvement, which presumably means the construction of a roundabout or the erection of traffic signals. Despite this recommendation the council apparently decided to take no action and up to the moment of writing it does not look as if anything is being done. The R.A.C. is very vigilant on such matters as these which concern a very large number of motorists, and in its wisdom addressed a letter to the Somersetshire County Council which is so important that I feel I should devote the necessary space to quote it in full:—

"The Royal Automobile Club is concerned at the number of prosecutions which have followed the erection of 'Halt at Major Road Ahead' signs at the Podimore cross-roads.

"The bad accident record at the cross-roads is admitted and the necessity for remedial action by the County Council in 1937 is not disputed. The Ministry of Transport, however, intimated last October to your council that the 'Halt' signs which had been erected could only be considered a temporary measure pending the execution of a major improvement—presumably the construction of a roundabout. It appears from the report of the meeting of your council on October 11, 1938, which appears in the *Western Gazette* of October 14, 1938, that despite the Ministry's view that the question of carrying out a major improvement should be considered by your council, nevertheless it decided to take no action. As the club has received no intimation that improvement works have been commenced, or contemplated, it must assume that the question has not since been reconsidered by the council.

"The club, however, feels that in view of the large number of prosecutions still arising, for instance, according to a press report fines totalling over £200 were imposed on drivers on April 24, 1939, at the Somerton Sessions, the matter should be again considered by your council in the light of the communication sent by the Ministry. I am to request, therefore, that this letter should be placed before your council or its appropriate committee so that the following suggestion for improvement may receive consideration.

"It is the view of the club that a properly constructed roundabout at Podimore would be as safe, and probably safer, than the existing arrangement. The club feels very strongly that the erection of 'Halt' signs on an 'A' class road is extremely undesirable in principle and is, moreover, less effective in reducing accidents than the construction of a roundabout which would have the advantage of aiding the traffic flow.

"The adoption of the club's recommendation would, in the club's view, have the following beneficial results, namely, a further reduction of serious accidents and a saving of time of police officers who could then be employed on work of greater utility such as on motor patrol, a form of police supervision which was found in Lancashire to be so effective in reducing road casualties. In many of the cases brought to the notice of the club the quality of the commission of offence is hardly more than technical in that the motorist ascertains that the road in both directions is clear before proceeding—there is no suggestion of dangerous or careless driving, and the motorist's only failure has been to bring his vehicle to a complete standstill.

"The club cannot see any serious objection to the proposal put forward. The only possible objection may be that of cost. In regard to this, the club was glad to note in the *Western Gazette* report referred to that Sir Frank Beauchamp is stated to have said that it was not a question of cost for if the county council could spend £3,000 and prevent another accident at the cross-roads, he was sure they would do it.

"The club in no way condones the offence of a motorist who fails to conform to any signs and thus causes danger to other road users, but the club cannot believe that the council would desire to encourage the maintenance of a state of affairs which necessitates continuous and drastic police action.

"The club would appreciate an expression of your council's views if they feel unable to adopt the suggestion that a roundabout should be constructed, and to have the reasons for the council's refusal stated.

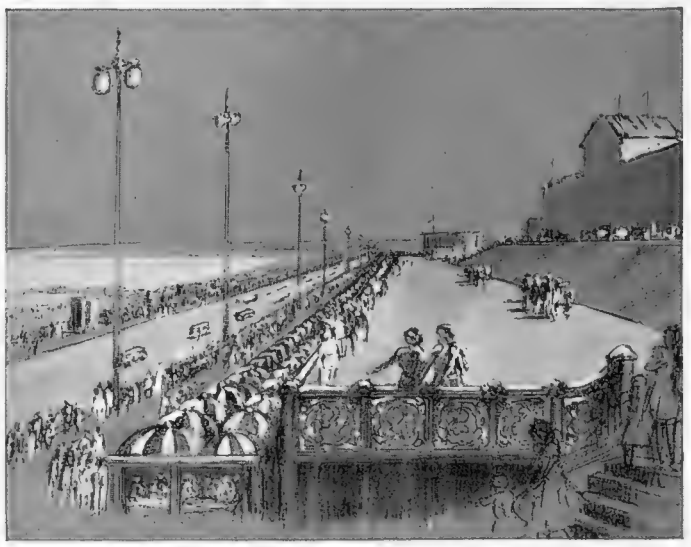
"A copy of this letter is being sent to the secretary of the Ministry of Transport for the information of the Minister."

Obviously the position at Podimore is an illustration of the complete chaos so far as the roads of this country are concerned. We all frequently criticise the Ministry of Transport either for doing nothing or for doing the wrong thing but here we have an illustration of the Ministry itself not being able to get a move on and all the time we motorists are paying colossal sums of money each year for the privilege of using our cars on totally inadequate roads.

MAMMOTH MAGNIFICENCE: Carroll Levis (right), the radio and stage star, with his brother, Cyril Levis, after taking delivery this week of this magnificent Daimler "Straight Eight" Gurney Nutting limousine specially built for him. With an overall length of 18 ft. and weighing more than 2½ tons, it is one of the largest cars in Britain

Schweppes
SPARKLING
LEMON
Schweppes
SPARKLING
ORANGE
Schweppes
SPARKLING
LIME

A DAY TOUR THROUGH HOLLAND



OVERLOOKING THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN: The sea-shore at this famous Dutch watering place offers every kind of sea bathing and beach amusement. There are six big hotels, the Rauch, Savoy, Grand, Kurhaus, Palace and Oranje, all overlooking the sea

THE MARKET PLEIN AT GOUDA: To the left is the tower of the great church with the twenty-nine stained-glass windows, marvels of their kind. On the right, standing alone in the middle of the square, is the town hall with its fretted pinnacles

At a time when short holidays are desired by so many people, the following particulars of a round trip from The Hague through Holland will be of interest, and when we speak of Holland the term is meant to apply on the precise definition which Dutch people give to it—that is, to the province of Holland, which includes the famous cities of the western part of the Netherlands, but which does not extend to areas south and east of the Yssel Meer.

For this tour in Holland, then, one starts from The Hague with its wonderful collection of pictures at the Mauritshuis, but it is not necessary to stay the night in the city itself. It is only a few minutes' run in a car to the hotels of Scheveningen.

A start is made on the old road to Utrecht which takes one through the prettiest polder country by way of Gouda.

Morning coffee should be taken looking at the cluster of spires surrounding the market plein. The way to Utrecht continues past innumerable farmsteads and waterways, starred with water-lilies. Soon the wonder tower of Utrecht is seen rising grey over the green polder. It dominates a city of deep, Venice-like canals.

After lunch at the Pays Bas, the road is again taken, the next point being Hilversum, en route for Amsterdam with its numberless canals, looking lovely in the slanting evening light. Down by the Singel Graacht one can dine at the Americain and after a leisurely coffee speed back to The Hague and Scheveningen by way of the new motor highway.

Drawings by Percy Home

"RUS IN URBE": At this delightful arboreal spot in Amsterdam, known as the Leidsche plein, is situated the Americain, known as the best lunching and dining place in the city (on left). On the right one can take one's coffee by the Singel, under orange umbrellas

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES *from* NEAR *and* FAR

NEW YORK.—Like London, New York is so obvious in the travel sense that it is not often reviewed, but in the past few months a relatively large number of people from this country have set their foot on American soil for the first time. The World's Fair has been largely responsible for that, and the idea of organising town parties was taken up with enthusiasm in the north of England. Leeds sent over a party of 135, including one veteran of 82. It was 91 deg. in the shade when they went to the World's Fair, but Yorkshire toughness saw them through. They went to Atlantic City, and inevitably thought of Blackpool.

The enormous buildings always impress the traveller seeing New York for the first time and the fifty-mile panorama from the tops of them is in keeping with the thrill of the first experience of an express elevator.

Art is found in all its moods in Greenwich Village and such odd places as McDougal Alley, Washington Mews, Mulligan Court and Patchin Place. On the other side are handsome galleries containing some of the world's best paintings and statuary. There is far more history about New York than most people imagine and the associations with Washington and Lincoln are worth hunting down. Next to the skyscrapers perhaps the most startling impression to the uninitiated comes from the coloured elements of Chinatown and Harlem. When you come to think of it, we see very few coloured people in western Europe.

The additional period of excursion rates from British ports to U.S.A. and Canada is not far off—Sept. 25 to Oct. 29. In those five weeks fifty-five liners on which the rates operate will be sailing from our ports.

The Far East.—Anyone in this country looking for some nice quiet travelling would hardly give a second thought to China, but incredible as it may seem, sightseeing and shopping in Peiping are almost normal; and hotels and trains are crowded. I have most emphatic assurances from Peiping that there is every facility for travel to or from the city, with the exception of rail between there and Shanghai which is not recommended.

The effect of the blockade at Tientsin is that passengers embark and disembark at Tangku, at the mouth of the Hai River and proceed by rail to Peiping, thus avoiding the concession area.

There is nothing very remarkable in that, for it is the normal procedure in the winter months, when owing to silt or ice in the river, steamers turn round at Tangku. Coastal steamship services between Tientsin and Shanghai have been augmented while rail service overland to Japan is likewise improved. The depreciation in exchange has made imported commodities dearer but if you want to buy curios, now is the time!

The Tuscan Coast.—Out of curiosity I turned to a cheap encyclopædia and read this illuminating entry regarding Leghorn, the English rendering of Livorno—"straw hat manuf; hemp, marble, olive oil, etc; exports shipbldg, and glass-making indust." They are all very useful assets for the port but not exactly inducements to the uncommercial traveller, who would probably be much more interested in Leghorn fish soup, Cacciuccata, which is a most excellent excuse for a traditional festival once a year.

The port is the capital of a province of Tuscany whose coastline gives a sunny welcome to a considerable number of holiday makers. Viareggio is outstanding among the resorts, with a beach consisting entirely of sand, and it is protected from the north by the Versilia mountains. At Viareggio and neighbouring resorts are "sunshine colonies" for children, and some of them will be visited by British medical people attending the Congress of the International Society of Medical Hydrology at the Tuscan spa, Montecatini, in October.

Leghorn itself presents a distinctive front to the sea and has a number of picturesque bathing resorts, Ardenza, Antiguano, and Quercianello Sonnino among them. Pisa is a little way inland and Florence about 60 miles away.

There is steamer communication from Leghorn with Corsica, Sardinia, Elba and some of the smaller islands lying off the west coast of Italy.

Fontevrault.—If a visit to the Loire valley and particularly Angers stirs your interest in the Plantagenets, you should also see their favourite monastery at Fontevrault in the picturesque little valley of the Evrault. It is easily reached from Saumur, one of the best excursion centres in this part of France.

Founded at the end of the eleventh century by Robert d'Arbrissel, Fontevrault had two communities, one for men and the other for women. On the death of the founder, supreme control fell to Pétronille de Chemillé, the first of a long line of abbesses, and subsequently the office was held by women of royal rank. For the greater part of seven centuries it flourished but the Revolution brought about its downfall, and the hallowed precincts became a prison. Inevitably the buildings suffered, but the chapel of the Grand Moustier, one of the four houses established by the founder, the cloister, the chapter house and the Tour d'Evrault are among those that remain. The last named resembles the abbot's kitchen at Glastonbury and was used for the same purpose.

You can visualise something of the glory of the abbey when it received the highest favours of the kings. Six Plantagenets were buried there, among them Henry II, first of the dynasty, his wife Eleonore d'Aquitaine, their son, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Isabelle d'Angoulême.

Algiers.—As you know, this part of North Africa has a lot to offer the traveller, but for many the visit is limited to the length of a visit by a cruising liner. What can one do in a day, for instance? The shore excursions (arranged by Cooks) of the *Atlantis*, which leaves Southampton on September 1 for a cruise right through the Mediterranean, supply the answer.

The pick of five suggestions is undoubtedly a motor drive to the Gorges of Palestro, thence to Bouira, formerly a Turkish fort in the valley of the Oued Eddous. The return is made through Aumale, the Auzia of the Romans, the Sakamody Pass and l'Arba, famous for its orange groves and tobacco plantations.

Another is to the Gorge of La Chiffa, which extends for a distance of some seven miles, with peaks of the Atlas Mountains towering in places to a height of more than 5,000 feet. Tipaza, along the Turquoise Coast to the west of Algiers, is yet another idea.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following are some of many replies recently sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Juan-les-Pins.—This Riviera resort is within easy reach of both Cannes and Nice. It is well known for its silver sands and there is an excellent casino. We suggest you try the Hotel Villa la Rosebraie.

Chamonix Valley.—You will find the Hotel de la Couronne or the Hotel Col des Montets at Argentières very suitable for your purpose. This is a very good centre for climbing and excursions. It is at an altitude of more than 4,000 feet. At Les Praz de Chamonix we recommend the Splendid Hotel and Golf and the Hotel Simond, and at Les Tines the Hotel Mer de Glace and the Hotel de la Forêt.

Tournai.—There is a day excursion every Sunday from Brussels which enables you to see something of the Tournai district. Motor coaches of the Belgian National Railways meet the train from Brussels at Tournai and after a tour of the town, go to the castles of Antoing, Bruyelle, Belœil, Moulbaix, Houtaing and others. Several of these are situated in delightful parks.

Golf in Italy.—The Amateur International Championship of Italy in September is open to all amateur members of a club. The handicap limit is 12. This championship and the Ladies' International are 18 holes match play and the finals, 36 holes, also match play. You might write to the Hon. Secretary, Circolo Golf, Villa d'Este, Cernobbio, Lake of Como. The open championship of Italy follows on September 24 and 25 on the Milan course.

Lugano.—Go by the 4.30 train from Victoria to Boulogne. There is a through coach which reaches Lugano soon after 11 o'clock the next day. The Hotel Flora at Lugano-Paradiso, about two minutes from the lake, would probably suit you. A single room with pension costs about 63 Swiss francs per week. For a stop at Zurich to see the exhibition you would travel out by the same train from Victoria and reach Zurich at about 8.30 the next morning. There is a service daily at 8.50 from Zurich to Lucerne, giving communication with Lugano by the 10.40 train from Lucerne, due at Lugano at 2.25.

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Particulars from any Travel Office or the National Tourist Information Service Prague II. Nám. republiky 3

THE PRIZE WINNER: Fine weather made the Monmouth Agricultural Show a huge success last Saturday. *Above* is a portrait of the first prize-winner Supreme Champion Shorthorn bull belonging to Mr. G. T. Weekes, of Penhow, near Newport

ON THE RIGHT LINES: Alderman Charlie Brown with two gay representatives of the "Naughty Nineties" at the Great Western Railway Floral Fête held a few days ago at Oxford

A WELL-TAKEN JUMP: The Hon. Mrs. C. W. H. Allenby's Nippy IV taking the first gate in the Handy Hunter Competition at the Mounted Gymkhana held at Newbridge, Billingshurst, Sussex, last week

ON THEIR WAY TO DINE: Nearly 500 years ago a pirate chief named Tom Crocker was hanged on Burgh Island, South Devon. To celebrate the anniversary of this event a dinner was held last week at which all the guests were dressed as pirates. Two of them are carrying their partners to the pirate ship

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from page 324)

district officer is the resident authority, magistrate and military commander, though he in turn has to co-operate, at least ostensibly, with the local emir. To his office, Johnson, a third-class government clerk, black as a stove, and about seventeen years old, is appointed. He is as inventive, as unreasoningly gay or dejected, as boundlessly affectionate as a child. He can be wild, too, getting drunk on dubious gin and extemporising long hymns to his gods of the moment, or murderously wild in an instant's panic which leaves him blank and guileless.

Johnson's tragedy is inevitable and convincing, just as the comedy of his life is convincing. This is more than a fine novel, it is an indictment, by suggestion, of a whole system.

NOTHING IS PAST (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) by Kay Agutter is presented as a first novel; but I should not be surprised to learn that the author's name is the pseudonym of a more experienced writer.

The book opens with a dramatic situation, in which Dominic Haest, a young business man, whose life hitherto has been normally unadventurous, finds himself cut off by bandits in a trading post in China. All his companions have been killed or captured, save one, who is little more than a useless hulk, paralysed by a shot in the spine, unable to move or speak.

The man is doomed anyhow, and Haest must make the decision between life and death. It would be easy (and perhaps more humane) to finish him off, and to escape when the aeroplane turns up. Haest makes the heroic decision, and stays with the paralysed man. In the end he is rescued, and the scene changes to London, where, in an attempt to lay the ghost of the horror of those days at the trading post, he marries Cressida, a handsome girl with the figure of a Greek goddess and a calculating and rather stupid mind.

It is evident that the author, having started the story on a note of melodrama, appears to wish to evade it for the rest of the book. Haest not only fears his hallucinations, but fears their consequences, which are that people will think him mad, and shut him up. It is true that we reach a scene of violence in the end, when Haest, in a trance, nearly strangles Cressida, which in its turn leads to a breakdown of the suspense and an ending in which the wife for the first time shows some spark of nobility in a determination to try to cure him.

My own feeling is that the essential theme is let down during that part of the book in which Haest is working up to his final outbreak. There is also a little too much insistence on Cressida's desirableness.

THERE ARE STILL PHŒNICIANS

(Continued from page 314)

drag-nets, each of a different mesh and therefore capable of catching anything from a shrimp to a twenty-pound carp. Fish traps of osier or bamboo tied together with strips of reed are also employed, and it is indeed remarkable how such primitive contrivances yield such excellent results.

When the season of the year makes a reasonable catch impossible, the Phœnicians employ their boats for the transportation of merchandise, such as pottery, salt, wine and oil. Only when such methods of gaining a livelihood fail them do they take up agriculture, and raise, on small plots of land on the banks of their beloved water, crops of rice and melons, pumpkins and soft fruit. The wife in the meantime cares for such livestock as the family may possess — perhaps a few hens, one or two ducks, and a goat. She further supplements the slender income by weaving mats from rushes, and by making lobster-pots and other fish traps; and often she spends her time in spinning and weaving wool for a new gaberdine.

Planks of wood or even the bare floor serve as beds; the cloak is the only covering; one cooking pot for the daily stew forms the complete equipment of the kitchen. The room is lighted by the fire, the door, and the hole in the roof through which the smoke seeks to escape.

In accordance with his desire to preserve his race from admixture with alien blood, the Phœnician rarely marries a Portuguese. If he cannot find a suitable wife of his own stock in his community he departs in his boat or on foot for the next village. There, in common with other eastern nations, he approaches first the parents of his choice and tries to win their approval and goodwill by means of a present made with the greatest tact and delicacy. Money in this connection is never offered, largely because the Phœnician seldom has coins at his disposal, since he prefers to convert his savings into jewellery which he can wear on festive occasions.

If, later in life, a wife finds her husband disappointing, she bears her lot with a fatalism unknown in the Occident. Only in the face of exceptional cruelty can she leave her husband and go to live with friends or with her parents. In such cases the children remain with the man, who has the right to select another woman to run his household; the wife, on the other hand, may not consider herself a widow. Annulment of marriage is unknown.

Just as the Phœnicians are proud of their race, so they are proud of their independence, and any action performed by one of their number that could entail interference from the State is deeply resented. Felonies and crimes are seldom committed. Owing to illiteracy and the consequent necessity of employing a lawyer from outside to draw up a deed, contracts are always verbal. Should a dispute arise concerning the terms of an agreement, both parties present their case to the oldest man of the community, whose decision in the matter is never disputed. In cases of exceptional gravity or on occasions where the welfare of the village comes under consideration, the elders of the community assemble and carry out a crude, patriarchal system of government.

Although the Phœnician, living in primitive conditions and amid poverty, enjoys no better health than his Portuguese neighbours, he seldom summons a doctor. Again he feels that the doctor, like the lawyer, the policeman or any state official, is an alien to his race, and should therefore not be allowed to enter the precincts of the village. In consequence, the wise woman, the midwife, a few herbs and a magic potion, are held sufficient for the cure of all physical ailment.

Since there is no record of persecution on religious grounds, the Phœnician must have adopted Christianity at an early date, but to-day few of them are communicants, and the priest is not permitted to play the part assigned to him by the Roman Catholic Church. Children are baptised at birth, the priest is also summoned to celebrate a wedding, but not always is he called in time to give Extreme Unction. Eclipses, black-cats, falling stars, green lizards, cows with peculiar horns, and malformation of all kinds, are still deemed to control the destiny of man and in the face of this belief the wonders o science and the consolations of religion remain unrecognised.

The Phœnician then, in his modern form, not only throws light upon his ancient counterpart, but offers a perfect example of a small and contented people living under the domination of an alien race, which by rigid adherence to its own customs and laws has known how to survive. The only other examples in Europe perhaps are the Jews and the gipsies.

DRAMA OF THE WEEK

(Continued from page 327)

Criterion with *A Little Bit of Fluff*. Mr. Thesiger's mishpronunshiashuns of all words containing sibilants evoked yells of laughter. It does no shound funny from thish deshcripshion. Bu funny it shertainly wosh.

"Old Master."— Mr. Alexander Knox, th Duke of York in the Shaw play, figures as a author as well as an actor in *Old Master* (we ar still at Malvern). His play about an artist wh feigns death in order to make more money and t escape from a tyrannous contract to which a unscrupulous dealer insists in holding him is n strikingly original. But it has much promise about it and some achievement too. Mr. Knox has a quiet sense of humour, which he can get across the footlights, and he can draw real people.

The artist in question, played by Mr. Alastair Sim, and therefore as Scotch as Mr. Knox and possibly more so, arranges a fire and disappears from the art world, which laments his death. His pictures at once jump in price in consequence and during the opening day of a memorial exhibition he turns up, disguised, to get the better of the dealer. What the insurance companies had to say in the matter of arson and why the dealer did not go to the police and point out the blackmail we are not told. Probably it was not necessary to tell us, for *Old Master* as it stands is quite a diverting little comedy.

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

The Men of the Trees in East Anglia—A List of Hotels Where Veritable Arboreal Oceans can be Enjoyed

AT the moment of writing, that delightful and, incidentally, practical-minded society, the Men of the Trees, is holding a conference at Cambridge. Now, why in the world, I wonder, at Cambridge? Cambridge is a city of many and varied delights, and as SPHERE readers will know by now, I yield to none in my admiration of East Anglia. But, in comparison with most of England, it is emphatically *not* a district of trees.

Its waterways, it is justly famous for—its windmills and its churches; but a comparative rarity of trees is one of the most notable features of the East Anglian scene. However, let us not take these Men of the Trees too much to task for their choice. Cambridge has many advantages for the conference, and in any case they know their own business best. But it is a pleasant speculation to consider in what circumstances they might most appropriately confer together—these benefactors of the English countryside.

Many a country-house hotel can I think of now, where in a few weeks' time the first touch of autumn will be showing on the leaves of a veritable ocean of trees, to be seen from their windows.

And, other things being equal, these are surely the hotels to visit in autumn; for the very foundation of a successful holiday is harmony with your surroundings and appreciation of nature.

To pick out a few of these hotels is but to hint at the delights which the English autumn holds in store. To list them completely would fill a page. But first, my mind turns to Lee Abbey Hotel near Lynton, an hotel where the charm of completely unspoilt, natural surroundings can be appreciated to the full, a fine, rambling old mansion of a house, which stands in 400 acres of private woods and beeches. Here are most of the trees which grow in England, and pretty well all the birds. For Lee Abbey is a natural bird sanctuary; delightful at all times of the year, the next two months perhaps will see it at its best.

To make a contrast as complete as possible, I would mention Sundridge Park Hotel at Bromley, surrounded by suburban London. From its position on the map, one would think that the only forests here were groves of lamp-posts. But here is an oasis of green parkland which is completely immune from the rising tide of town. Sundridge Park Hotel itself stands in the midst of two famous golf courses, and its trees could not be bettered by the most manorial park in England.

As far as southern England is concerned, trees automatically make one think of the New Forest and Exmoor, and those other deserted areas of the west and mid-west, where forest holds sway. Actually, it is surprising how easily the Londoner or dweller on the south coast can enjoy the beauty of trees. Collingwood House at Hawkhurst is a country-house hotel which I always get credit for recommending, and you do not have to look beyond the confines of its 100-acre grounds to see a "treescape" which will gladden your heart. The Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, again, can justly claim a setting which matches its own solid and unchanging atmosphere of comfort—a setting of immemorial trees in grounds which have become mellowed by the centuries. In the north country and in Wales, on moor and fell, in glen and dale, the first caress of autumn will arrive perhaps later than in the south. But when it comes, the change will come with surprising suddenness, and in a few days whole expanses of country will turn from green to gold.

The person who has not seen the leaves change colour from the banks of Lake Vyrnwy in Wales, or from Keswick, shall we say, in the Lakes, has missed something truly glorious and typically English.

In far distant Scotland, trees tend to be less romantic than in the south, for much of the loveliest in Scotland is above the tree level, and, where there are trees, the perpetual conifer tends to become monotonous. Yet even Scotland has something of glory to show us, and if I wanted to see her change from summer to her gladdest autumn rags, I should probably make my centre at the Atholl Palace Hotel, Pitlochry, the very centre of the Highlands.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.)—Wellttown Manor Guest Hse.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Broadley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chichester.—The New Ship Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Corfe Hall.—Whitesand Bay Hotel.
Crosser.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Grasmere.—The Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—St. George Hotel.
Harrogate.—Prospect Htl.**** R.A.C. Tel. 3015.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
St. Austell.—Fairmead Hotel. Tel. 76.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.

ENGLAND—*continued*

West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Whitby.—Royal Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Fairview Hotel, Hampstead, N.W.3. HAM 1446
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Oban.—The Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Atholl Palace Hotel, Pitlochry.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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